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NO. 5.

#### EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, April 17th, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD. TEXT.—' On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna; Blessed is the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord.' —JOHN XII, 12-13.

As I take up the account of this enthusiastic homage rendered to the meek and lowly Redeemer, my mind reverts to another seeme famous in ancient history, a scene in which there was also a great multitude, more numerous, perhaps, than was ever collected for any other purpose in any period of time. I allude to that immense host which accompanied Xerxes in his attempted conquest of Greece; a concourse gathered together from the Indies to the Lyblan desert; a sea of nations rolling on in serried waves, with turbans and helmots of brass and steel, of silver and gold. Seven days and seven nights were they without internission, and under the stimulus of the lash, in crossing the boat bridges of the Hellespont; and as those thronged ranks took up their line of march, they all moved on with exultation, and strewed branches in the path-way of their king. But what a centrast in spirit, in purpose, and in result, between that cocasion of murauring excitement and strewing branches, and this truly royal procession that poured down the Mount of Olives. There, a wast army, held together by the bands of military force, and moving in abject aubinission; here, a spontaneous multitude, kindling with the impulses of wonder and of love. That marching to the work of terror and of desolation; this, colebrating the achiev ements of a healing and restoring goodness. In the nidst of that concourse also an ambitious desone, with As I take up the account of this enthusiastic homage renbrating the achievements of a healing and restoring goodness In the midst of that concourse sits an ambitious despot, with subject nations flocking around his charlet wheels, the most subject nations flocking around his charlot wheels, the most gorgeous type of earthly power and glory. Here, among a rejoicing people, with eyes that had been blind, turned towards him in beaming gratitude; with tongues that had been dumb, crying hosannas to his name; with hands that once were impotent, strewing branches and garments in his path, comes the King of Israel, the Saviour of mankind, in humble raiment and wayworn sandals, riding upon an ass. Move on, magnificent monarch, itashing in hunghty confidence; move on in transient pomp to miscrable defent; and move on, oh lowly Redeemer, descending into the deep shades of humiliation and death, to march in divine might to a world-wide victory.

tion and ceath, to march in divine might to a world-wide victory.

My friends, I have not quoted this ancient incident for the sake of the more historical contrast, but in order that I may bring in more vivid relief the transactions recorded in the text. I do not know how I could better enforce the real character and spiritual significance of this occurrence than hy pleading it in convention to a worldly by placing it in opposition to some such scene of worldly pomp and merely human ends. Let us then, upon this morning of Palm Sunday, attend upon some of the lessons which this event in the life of Jesus affords. I propose in the present discourse to draw three lessons from this transaction. First, from the incident itself; second, from the conduct of the multitude; and third, from the relations of the incident to the career of Christ Jesus.

First then, I say, let us consider the meaning of the incident itself, the spirit and truth which the incident expresses. merely human ends. Let us then, upon this morn

First then, I say, let us consider the meaning of the incident itself, the spirit and truth which the incident expresses. While the emotion and display of this incident appear to have come from the spontaneous action of the people, we can hardly suppose the occurrence to have been accidental on the part Josus himself. It would seem, from the fact that he sent for the animal upon which he rede, that, there was some sort of underskanding, some preconcepted understanding, between him and those who owned the animal; that it was an act select and deliberate on the part of Christ. It seems then to have been an impressive illustration of his claims as the Messiah; a deliberate typical assumption of his real dignity. Ills earthly mission was nearly over, and the time of his departure was at hand. He had taught his truths and accompilished his works in lowliness and humility, making his appeal only to those who had ears to hear, and eyes to see, leav-

ovident to ourselves. For, however typical the act may really have been, we must consider the spirit of the act in itself; we must consider its spontaneousness, and the acknowledgment which that wery outburst of enthusiasm really carried with it. It was not formal upon the part of the people, but an overflowing of enthusiasm long pent up. Christ was acknowledged to a certain extent in his day; not clearly seen as the Messiah, especially as God designed, simply because he did not appear in the preconceived traits of the Jewish Messiah, But, so far as the people were concerned, Christ was known, and honored, and felt by them; and he was crucified at last through a cabel of the politicians at Jorusalem, working upon the minds of the people, rather than by the people themselves. the minds of the people, rather than by the people themselves.

And, I repent, the long pent up enthusiasm which find been created by his wonderful works, by his deeds of mercy, by his beneficence that had streamed into so many hearts—this englory of Jesus, the spirit of Jesus Christ, the greatness of the works of Christ overwhelm all these, and compel from us che such an acknowledgment, when we really contemplate idin, as that which poured from the lips, and waved from the palm branches of the people on the road to Jerusalem.

Our homage, I say, must be free, must be our own homage. Josus Christ does not claim of us, whatever his claims in of themselves are; he does not deem and homage to him any way, merely because we have received a traditional notion of his greatness and glory. He does not want that kind of homage. In the stands to-day before us, in the record of the New Testament, in the works of his spirit, in all the excellences that of flow out of his life, What he claims of us is our free-will offering of acknowledgment of his greatness; not any question in regard to his dignity in the universe, in regard to the doctrines which he taught, but of himself. And it is a remarkable thing that all who believe on Jesus are united in the third homage to Jesus himself. They differ, if they differ at all, in the fore-courts of the temple; they differ upon questions of dogma, upon matters of mere creed and opinion. But the moment they come into the presence of Christ himself they acknowledge the same glory, the same excellence.

And he claims it of us as an ofbring of our own hearts; not

as something which we receive of cold tradition from others. as something which we receive of cold tradition from others. As he rides through the ages, a vaster throng, far more vast than that which gathered around him' upon the slope of the mount of clives, gathers about him; a great multitude that no man can number; the motally blind, whose eyes have been opened; the spiritually deaf, who have been made to hear; the worse than physically dead, who have come into newness of life; tearful mourners, who have felt the greatness of his powers, and the peace he has conferred; poor, crushed hearts, who have known the balm of his consolation; all who have been touched and have been blessed by Jesus Christ, swell the long rething, and give homage and

crushed hearts, who have known the balm of his consolation; all who have been touched and have been blessed by Jesus Christ, swell the long retjune, and give homage and honor to his name. Wherever the church-bell rings out today, wherever it touches the hearts of men with any suggestion or any meaning, then is there truly a Palm Sunday; not of outward effering, but of inward homage, just as men can appreciate the real greatness of Christ, and know what he has done for them, and what he has done for the world. An homage, I say, not ceremonial, not, formal, but spontaneous, real, genuine, out of the dopths of the heart; this is the homage given to Josus Christ.

Beyond all questions which have disturbed many of us in the present age, all questions of historical evidence, of textual interpretation, are the practical workings of Christianity in the world. It is idle to dony this power. Men may attribute the advantages of our civilization to this thing and that thing. But the deep spirit of all the best movements of society come from the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. And the individual Heart, not only in its deepest but its highest, onterprises, not only of that which it has crecived of comfort and strength, but that which it has cone in the spirit of duty and in the spirit of self-sacrifice, acknowledges the working and power of Jesus Christ. And, I say, this practical working of Christianity claims an homage as free, as loyal, as glorious as that which saluted him when he came down from the mountain. And it is in contrast to the homage which any other conqueror or leader can claim; in contrast with that, or any such temporary, vanishing earthly glory, splendid as it may have been at the time, which graced the march of the Persian King. Here are the simple claims of that spiritual truth and love, working in the bosoms of society, to lift up the down-trodden, to purify the unclean, to heal the sick, raise the deal, and make humanity as one with itself.

There was an acknowledgment in the movement of that There was an acknowledgment in the movement of that host down the mountain, that we cannot rid ourselves of—a spontaneous heart-offering. It stands there as a proof of the influence of Jesus Christ. Unless we take the New Testament and throw it wholly aside, unless we consider it a sublime fletion, the apentaneousness of this offering is in itself a proof of what Christ was. Deeper than all theories, better than all sharp, intellectual statements, is the effect which Christ's life produced on multitudes, as seen in that march down the mountain. And better than all sharp, intellectual statements better than all merch golded arguments, is which Christ's life produced on multitudes, as seen in that march down the mountain. And better than all sharp, into clectual statements, better than all mere logical arguments, is the same kind of effect which Jesus Christ has produced upon the world through all the ages that have followed him. I remember it as a most remarkable statement of some writer, in his refutation of Strauss, who says that it was not the few sick Galileeans whom Jesus healed, but humanity itself lying impotent upon its sick couch, which he blessed and touched, and it areas, took up its couch and stepped forth ever the threshold into the world. The impression of Christ's spirit upon the world, the actual, practical effect which has been produced, is the great argument for the truth of Christianity, and for the truth of Jesus's mission. Will any one say that this all sprang from nothing? Is it possible that'll is a sublime myth, a shadowy invention? Have the hearts of men been within all sprang from learned and countries with less stern resolve; have their souls been rabled to do nobler and grander works, from the inspiration of nothing? Or was there such a life, and were there such works as those of Christ, embracing in their influence the multitudes immediately about him, which works, growing deeper and deeper in impression, throw out wider and grander are the out works as the world rolls around and the works, growing deeper and deeper in impression, throw out wider and wider circles as the world rolls around and the

If searthly mission was nearly over, and the time of his departure was at hand. He had a tought his truths and accomplished his works in lowiness and humility, making his appeal only to those who had cars to hear, and eyes to see, leaving it to man to believe for the very works sake. But he did not avoid any indication of his true rank or glory that came in his way. He did not go out of his way to declare himself the Mossiah, though he avoided no radional announcement of that truth, no such indications as came practically in his way, as lay, so'to speak, in his path in the providence of God and the course of his daty. And this appears to have been one of those occasions; and the circumstances of the hour which he thus deliberately selected, combined with the enthusiastic feeling upon the part of the people. With them it was an act of apontanicty. His mane lad gone abroad; the fame of his word one of the people. With them it was an act of apontanicty. His mane lad gone abroad; the fame of his word of truth spoken that does not reach some heart, that does not have time the word of truth spoken that does not reach some heart, that does not have tis influence oven in its own time; the two radius of the people, bursting over all restraint, compired, with the circumstances of the occasion, to illustrate the read character of his office. They were ready long to the truth that the read than a true of the people. The following had the first of the people. The following had the first but when Josus was glorified, then remembered they that these things unto him.

Therefore, in considering the grounds of this transaction, I say that it is my boiled that this solome outry into Jurusalem was a deliberate act on the part of our Saviour; while the spontaneous section of the multitude, kindled by the suggestions of the seen, atted that "Theo things understood not his disciples, as time rolled on, and as the transaction stood out in the bold relief of its own peculiarity, but especially in its connection with kindred events. But yet never without its effect at any time. These never is a word of truth spoken that does not reach some heart, that does not touch some heart. There never is a truly noble life that does not have its influence even in its own time, as a sun-burst through the clouds on a gusty day will manifest itself here and there. And if it reaches no other class, you may be sure it will touch the people. The truth of God, the love of God, manifested in any humble disciple of Jesus Christ, will reach the great heart of the people in some way, and will be carried on and wafted through ages. Oh, I thank God for those broad, deep, human instincts that are ready to receive the truth, that are the soil that God has prepared for the seeds of truth to be dropped in. Learning bristles itself up with legic and with philosophy, and with pride and respeciability opposes the truth. Learned me never led the march of humanity, as a general thing. Sometimes there have been men whose great, deep human nature has been richer than their learning. But the merely intellectual man, the merely learned man, to say nothing of fashionable people, of respectable people, of those who hold on to popularity and stand in high places, the merely learned man nover recoved a truth from God, and nover led the vanguard of humanity. It is the people, after all, whose great pulse first throbs to a mighty truth, whose warm hearts, in the deatiny of things, see enough of the truth to say, "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Thank God for the instincts of our hearts that are nover corroded, never quite covered up, never wholly died out, but which will still receive the truth and hold it until a better era come for its blossoming and for its victory. It is so with any truly good life. Live truly, live to your convictions, hold on to what you deem to be right, let what assaults will fall upon you, let what calumnies may blacken you, you may be sure that somewhere or other your trueness and your goodon to what you doem to be right, let what assaults will fall upon you, let what calumnies may blacken you, you may be sure that somewhere or other your trueness and your goodness will be felt and acknowledged, and that you in the end will know, if not here, the hereafter, that you did not live without your influence, or without blessedness. Jesus Christ was honored for what he was in himself, for what he did, for the spirit of his teachings. And the palms they strewed before him on that day, and which we strew before him to day, are palms not for what we may think in our own opinions, but for what we know and think and feel of Jesus Christ.

Let us, in the next place consider some of the lessons.

through a cabal of the politicina stJorusalem, working upon the minds of the people, which work minds of the people, which work minds and which had been reacted by his wonderful works, by his deeds of mercy, by his benelicence that had streamed into so many hearts—this entusiasm, lowed out here upon this occasion, when the multitude was already excited by the suggestions of the great husiasm, lowed out here upon this occasion, when the multitude was already excited by the suggestions of the great full that was a free will offering, kindled by the works and the beneficence of Jesus Christ, by the order and the beneficence of Jesus Christ, by the manner of his life, which, beyond all royal insignia all material tokens of any greatness and power shadowed out in the divine character, they could not realst. It was the culminating, crowning hour of the Saviour's life, the hour preceding the completion of, his mind, on, the fullillment of his martyrdom. Typical as it may have been upon the part of Christ, it was a spontaneous homage from the people to the glery and beneficence of the works of Christ. And as he passes before us, as he rides which was are not only disposed to render, but by the very land of the proper of circumstances, so to speak, are compelled works of Christ. And notwithstanding any minor and technical perplexities; notwithstanding to make the perplexities of the people generally minor and technical perplexities; notwithstanding any minor and technical perplexities; notwithstanding to make the people on the people of the people generally minor and technical perplexities; notwi which greeted the march of Jesus, you might have heard the hearse cry, breaking, like the surge of an angry sea, around the judgment-hall of Pilate: "Crucify him, crucify him," "Not this man, but Barraubas." It was the fickle element that constitutes public opinion.

Now the lesson that I wish to draw from this incident, is

this: that we should consider the grounds and motives from which we honor Christ, Christ chairly, which is the embodiment and expression of Christ. Christ demands something more than our fickle and transion homage. He is not truly honored by more emotions. Almost every man gets climpses of this cartily Messiahship. Almost every man gets climpses of his earthy Messiahship. Almost every man gets inwo and then glimpses of the beauty and power of Christ's religionas religions moots—is melted to tears—is inspired withen the strength of the wounding nails, the learerating there is no truly to true and angular which he underwant, moves a great many. But how much is that compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the real significance of Christ's enrelighout. The compared with the spirit manifested therewith? Many people think if they are noved to tears by some presentation of the truth, and feel for a little moment really to make good the real properties. The compared with the spirit manifested therewith? Many people think if they are noved to tears by some presentation of the truth, and feel for a little moment really to make good to the real properties. The compared with the spirit manifested therewith? Many people think if they are noved to tears the spirit of the frather and the compared with the spirit manifested therewith? Many such that we want to the compared to the frather of the frather were the spirit of the frather were the spirit of the frather were the spirit

were those poor women who lad known the blessings of his goodness—who had felt the greatness of his love, and the halm of his consolution. Perhaps they said very little when the crowds were shouting around him. Perhaps they hardly thought, in their intense reversers for him, of even plucking a paim branch, or strewing a garment in his way. But when the dark hour came, when Poter meanly shrank, when Judas betrayed, and the rest were scattered, these lowly women stood at the last hour by his cross, and at the first dawn of the Sabbath were at his sepuichre. We want such a kind of honoring of Christ as that.

Of course there may be variations in men's religious moods. No man wants to keep on a level. Even if he is on the high

No man wants to keep on a level. Even if he is on the high table-land of thought, he wants to get a little higher. Let us be thankful for peculiar movements—for the glimpses of be thankful for peculiar movements—for the glimpses of heaven that broak in upon us and close up again, just as on such days as we have had during the past week; there has come a vision clear up in the empyrean blue of heaven, and then it has been covered with clouds. It is a great thing to have these thoughts that lift us above the ordinary level—these glimpses that do not recur always; but even these uplifting moments that come rardy, should leave us higher when they pass away; but above all things, they should leave us with the controlling distonants (Ontalanity) mounts of the emotional element merely—not a fitful honoring of him, but such honoring as makes it a constant, persistent truth in our hearts and lives.

Again, Christ demands something more than public and formal honors.

sistent truth in our hearts and lives.

Again, Christ demands something more than public and formal honors. To-day he will be honored in I know not how many churches. There is a grandeur in the old Roman Catholic service that, when you take the mere poetry out of it, leaves a man up almost above this world. And to-day all round the globe, from the white-crowned Andes to the hot plains of Africa, millions and millions will be chanting the same great thome, and in spirit, as it were, easting rain plains of Africa, millions and millions will be chanting the same great theme, and in spirit, as it were, easting palm branches before Christ. There will be a great acknowledgment of his name and his dignity; but how much of him after all in the heart—how much real life-surrender and loyal service? He does not want merely public and formal honors—such as come from the rituals of churches—a traditional and coremonial acknowledgment—but that of the heart.

Christ is exceedingly honored in professional respectabilities—in very zealous professions of orthdoxy, and reliance and dependence upon his truth. He is honored a great deal ing this respectable matter-of-course way. How many are in—it wave them in heaven; wave the

ties—in very zealous professions of orthidoxy, and reliance and dependence upon his truth. He is honored a great deal in this respectable matter-of-course way. How many are indigent, or deeply horrifled, if the Unitarian or Universalist denies Jeaus his real rank, as they call it, in the universel They are very zealous and efficience about the dignity of Christ's rank, less he should be lowered from the plane of his Goohead; but, at the same time, while they have such a vivid apprehension of his rank, how much of the preparation of his spirit have they? Why don't they see that his real homage is not in the apprehension of his rank in the universe, but in the preparation of his spirit.

On the other hand, many Universalists and Unitarians are very zealous for the truth of Christ, as they term it—for good and right dectrines concerning Christ and salvation. How much have they honored him—what is the worth of their correct dectrines about him, if they have not smelted and burned his doctrines into their souls? What is the good of this breath of salvation if it has no depth, and has not evitored into your heart?

But this respect for Christ is only dead, formal respect at that—respect for the mere symbols and usages of religion. So men show their respect for the Bible, by bringing it into courts of justice, making a statute book of it, and reading it before judge and jury. Why don't you make it the oracle that will provent such acts as lead to courts of justice, making a statute book of it, and reading it before judge and jury. Why don't you make it the oracle that will provent such acts as lead to courts of justice, making a statute book of it, and reading it before judge and jury. Why don't you make it an oracle there?

Men have fled long days have gone, Sweet home, since thee 1 lot, the don't have a great deal of respect for the clergyman and for my office. I do not want any respect for mo, if I may speak for my office, a man from swearing in his presence—"Ah, I beg partied. A man from swearing in his presence—" son as a sort or cimbodiment of code eccessiatical formatics—for instance, that kind of respect for the clergyman that will check a man from swearing in his presence—"Ah, I beg pardon; I see there is a minister present." Never beg my pardon for swearing; if you don't care about offending God, you need not trouble yourself ghout offending me. Oh, this interest of the control of t stitutions, but Christ denied! Whenever there is a popular hungering and thirsting for any unrighteousness, then all the formal, institutional, professional respect for Christ goes. Whenever the claims of God's image, cut in abony, are persecuted, and popular passion is aroused, away goes, respect for Christ, and out comes "Crueffy him."

Christ is not honored by mere popular and formal respect. He wants not merely the honor of the people in the mass—in the multitude—but he wants individual honor and homage. Ho wants each one to give him what he really feels in his own heart, and not the hosanas of the crowd. Sometimes men loin in the popular demonstration, merely because it is

He wants each one to give him what he really feels in his own heart, and not the hosanas of the crowd. Sometimes men join in the popular demonstration, merely because it is popular. That is an unreal hemage; it does not come out of the heart, and is just as unacceptable to God Almighty as real neglect. All that Christ is after is the heart. Josus went about as a man searching for a lost treasure. He wont to the poor, downcast sinner, and tried to find his heart. If he could get it, it was all he came from heaven to claim. All he is striving to do to-day is to get your heart. He wants no mere profession nor sounding hosannas. It is a dreadful thing to think that the same possibilities are in us that were in the multitude that followed Christ. You think it was an awful thing for Judas to betray Jesus. How many betray him for less than thirty pleces of silver! You think it was a terrible thing for Peter to tell such a cowardly lie, and skulk from his master. How many do the same thing when they deny their religious faith—when they go to places where it is unpopular, and they shrink from avowing it, or perhaps disavow it altogether? How often do men entertain the same foeling that the multitudes did when they cried out, "Not that man, but Barrabbas." How often do you dony Christ, my hearer, in every sin that that you commit? In every transaction that violates the dectrine of Christ, remember you cruefly him, and open his bleeding wounds afresh. What value are all yeur waving of palms, and high-sounding hosanna, if your hearts are not cast at his feet?

Finally, let us consider the significance of this transaction in its relations to Christ, imperfer.

nas, if your hearts are not east at his feet?
Finally, let us consider the significance of this transaction
in its relations to Ohrist himself. I have shown what was
meant by it at the time, and what it really illustrates; but let
us look at one or two specific traits that accompanied it.
How much that transaction, taken as a whole, with all its

and against the mightlest obstacles, that was foretold by those scattered garments and waving branches.

And, my friends, we may share that victory. We do share it whenever we enter into that spirit. Oh, sorrowing one, in the hour of darkness, when your faith begins to reel, when your trust in God begins to shake, but you say, "I will trust in him though he slay me—I will believe in him, dark and bitter as my let is,"—In that hour, rising out of that Gathsemane of darkness, you achieve something of the victory that Christ achieved. Oh, man, tempted, oppressed by many trials, overborne by passion for the moment, and threatening to yield, remembering how Christ overcame temptation in

trials, overborne by passion for the moment, and threatening to yield, remembering how Christ's victory. Comparison in that victory, you share Christ's victory. And in all doubt, all fear, all forth-pouring, sacrificing love to the distinction of self, and for the good of man and glory of God—in all that we share the victory of Josus Christ.

My friends, the most substautial honer for any human greatness, is that which comes from those that in some sense share that greatness, or have some affinity for it—some kindred spirit of sympathy. For instance, the craftsman, who builds a ship, does not care so much for the compliments the mass of men may pay him, as for that spontaneous praise which a fellow-craftsman bestows, who knows what he has done. The musician cares not no nuch for the plaudits of the multitude, as for the commendation of some other musician who knows what is beautiful in his performance, and can appreciate it. So Jesus Christ is honored just as we share his sufficient uses as we have some whill go this struggle.

musician who knows what is beautiful in his performance, and can appreciate it. So Jesus Christ is honored just as we share his spirit—just as we know something of his struggle, attain something of his victory, and can appreciate the greatness of the work he has wrought.

And so, my friends, as we go forth to day to meet him, not with real paims, but, I trust, with uplighted souls, may we meet him with sympathotic spirits, and share in the greatness of his work. All who in any way know and fell his spirit of soit-sacrifice; all who have suffered for conscience sake, patient in sorrow, tell, trial, doubt and four: the marter.

I hear the rippling brook. Which wound near half the meadow o'er Which wound near half the meadow o'er Ere straighter course it took,
There have I mused full many a day,
Stretched on its banks in time like this,
Or ran the field in boyleh play,
And dared to leap the brook's abyss.
Youth comes net back to glad life's scene,
And memory mourns o'er what has been.

Time-worn Ascutuoy rears its head
Through mist and cloud, forlorn,
On which the sun his glories shed,
At evening and at morn.
On rolls the proud Connecticut,
And leaps and thunders at its base; And leaps and unusues as ...
Oh, scenes of youth still unforgot,
With sighs thy living light I trace,
While o'er me trembles Memory's star,
To guide my wandering stops afar,

To guide my wandering stops star.

The bristling hills on Hamshire's side
Point proudly to the skies;
On at their foot the streamlets glide
That on their summits rise,
Far in the valley to the right,
Dimly the lamps in Windsor burn;
And left, just flashing through the night,
Loved Claremont's roofs I can discern.
Ob, dreams I would yo were else than dreams,
And home as near as now it seems.

A lonely house seems watch to keep
In 'Cutney's wave-like valley,
Where summer's scented breezes sweep,
And with the flowerets daily;
There dwelt my line of ancestors—
Brave ploneers, whose tireless hands
Laid low the forests at their doors,
And won the rich and fertile lands,
And led, a horitage of love. And left a heritage of love.
To those who long will truants prove. Yet once again my fancies build

The scenes of years gone by,
And love and memory both regild
The hours that fleeting fly.
Loved Chester sleeps among the bills,
That loom like shattered castles old,
And Memory her glass refills
With nectared draught more rich than gold;
There, where Queen Nature rules supreme,
I launched on learning's mystic stream.

Hauched on tearning a mystic stream.

Home—some I in vain I sigh afar—
Ye lift but in my fancies,
The thought of thee is but a star c
Through absonce-gloom that glances;
Yet may yo burn above me still,
And light, oh thought, that never dies,
The shades of grief that flout my will,
That faints at present sacridee.
And if in time I cease to roam,
Oh, future, give me back my home.

Translated from the German of Mariz Reichenbach. for the Banner, by Cora Wilburn,

# HELENAS

#### HEART-PURIFICATIONS BY FIRE.

CHAPTER IV .- CONCLUDED.

It was towards sunset of the next day; and Robin Hunter sat beside the kind sergeant, in his pleasant country home. With deep emotion the old man said to his deliverer:

"My whole life, my entire fortune, all is insufficient to expiate the great wrong I committed against you! For twenty years I have struggled with my conscience, and have smothered its accusations with the mandates of my worldly pride. Your nobleness has shown me anew my error; yes, I confess it, with loud repentance, I have done you a bitter wrong h The night of my soul has been illumined by the flames-my blindness is past-I see clearly, and I shudder at myself. Misfortune has warmed my heart-so stern and cold-and the first fruits of its acknowledgment is the confession of my heavy sin. Oh, brother Bennet! you can never forgive me!"

"I have forgiven long ago," replied the sergeant, and his voice trembled with deep feeling. "If I still harbored the slightest resentment against you I should not have made myself known to you. Our meeting was strange; it was the work of Providence that sent you to me in trouble and danger; you, whom I thought far from here, in our native land surrounded by splendor and happiness. How can I interpret this meeting? I can only believe that it is the will of God that the severed tie of brotherhood should be renewed in our hearts; that I shall take the unhappy brother to my bosom, and cheer him in the trials of his age. Though I could not obtain the blessing of my earthly father, I feel that my Heavenly Father has blest me; and the wrong, from which I suffered, has been changed to good. My wretchedness was deep, when, with my Betty, I left London; not on account of the inheritance taken from me, but for the love that I deemed my right. I came here, to Hamburgh, and invested the small sum given to me by the father of my beloved wife. in a humble business. The benediction of God seemed to rest upon my undertaking, and in a few years I was a moderately wealthy men. My marriage was a happy one; it continued so until the painful hour when my dear wife parted from me at the summoning voice of heaven. But she left me her image, my Marie, so like her in angel-gentleness and virtueso like her in outward form! God has blest me: and twenty years' experience have assured me that only in the middle ranks of life can true happiness be found: there, alone, can contentment and virtue be found. I daily offer up my prayers in thankfulness for my lot, and am proud to be only a humble citizen. The desire for wealth and splendor has never found a home in my breast; for, without either, I obtained the love of my family, the esteem of my fellow-man, and the quiet happiness of domestic life, that I would not have bartered for gold or fashionable enjoyment. See, brother Robin, so have I lived; I changed my name of Bennet Hunter to the German Benedict Jager, and have never dishonored either of these names."

The deeply humiliated merchant pressed his brother's hand; he was drawn lovingly to that warm and generous heart, and soothed with Christian comfort-with words of encouragement and hope.

Benedict Jager belonged to the number of esteemed citizens that were the living and nourishing power of Hamburgh's prosperity. Truthful, strictly just, industrious, with healthy hearts fall of strength and mildness-such men, in the humble walks of life even, are the support of the public welfare, and are more deserving of respect than is the haughty aristocracy of wealth, that look down scornfully from their paper thrones, from which, too often, a single storm precipitates them. The mere glitter of riches had never attracted Benedict Jager; but he had striven through life to attain a competence that would suffice for the needs of his family, and aid to some extent, the furtherance of the universal good in rendering succor to the unfortunate. He exercised the Christian virtues, and lived a quiet, unostentatious life in the home circle. He bought the friendly country-house and garden for the sake of his wife, who, for some time, had suffered from illness, and who had been ordered by the physicians to live in the country. The death of his father, of which he heard in Germany, had pained him deeply; and the news of his brother's position among themerchant aristocracy of London, caused him to entertain no feeling of envy or resentment. Since thedeath of his father in-law, he had not heard of his, brother; the misfortunes he had met with in business, the unworthy conduct of his son Ralph-alli was unknown to him. The unexpected meeting, under circumstances of such imminent danger, left. a deep and solemn impression upon Bennet; his religious faith caused him to behold in it the finger of: a special Providence, that ordained the reconciliation of the brothers, so long and unnaturally separated. With the fervor of the truest piety he followed the dictates of faith, and received the unfortunate Robin with true brotherly love. He had brought him from the burning house to his dwelling in town, and calling in medical aid, he was restored to consciousness. Robin's first thought was of his daughter; and, with hasty resolve Benedict, accompanied by several determined and courageous men, returned to the house to rescue Helena. But it was too late; when they arrived, the flames had spread throughout the

dwelling, and it was impossible to force an entrance. He returned to his brother with a heavy heart, seeking to console him with the hope that Helena had sought for refuge before the fire had spread, and that she would soon be heard from. But throughout the night he succeeded not in gaining tidings of her; and the next morning he conveyed his sorrowing brother to his quiet and pleasant country-house, far from the city's scenes of terror. It was only then that he made himself known, and gave his brotherly hand in token of reconciliation and help.

Deeply humiliated by the sudden appearance, the just accusations, and the nobly awarded protection of his son-stricken with grief and apprehension for the fate of his daughter-troubled by his great losses-Robin's cold, stern heart had softened, and vielded to the uses of trial, acknowledging his repentance. Trembling for the wrongs inflicted on that true brother's heart, he attempted to sue for pardon -to make the most humiliating confessions-all of which Benedict interrupted with the assurances of his love—the promises of true Christian forgiveness. With a full heart, Robin told him of the leading events in his past life; how he had lost the greater portion of his ill-gained riches; how his son had brought sorrow and shame upon him; how he had disinherited Ralph, lest he should be made a beggar by him, and leave his daughter portionless. All this, with tears and sobs, the old man told his

Towards evening, Benedict returned to the city, promising to send his daughter Marie as a companion for Robin, whom, with the deepest pity he beheld, sorrowing almost to madness for the fate of his children. When he found himself alone, all the terrors of the past night were anew and vividly presented to his soul, and a restless dread took possession of him; he wandered from room to room, unable to find a moment's repose. All the evil spirits now haunting his conscience, active amid the surrounding stillness of that rural retreat, accused him of the great wrongs committed against the unfortunate Ralph. All the vain plans of his pride and calculation had been interrupted by the sudden calamity. and the pious exhortations of his brother had indeed somewhat awakened his long dormant religious faith; but even this it was that caused him to view his trials as the retribution of Providence, inflicted upon him in punishment for his sins-depriving him of son and daughter by a dread and early doom. He vowed most solemnly that if he found his son again he would reinstate him in his lawful place, and act by him a father's loving part. These thoughts, and a faint hope for the safety of his daughter, sustained him, yet urged him restlessly on, until he resolved himself to seek his children. With this intention he left the friendly shelter of his brother's roof, before Marie had arrived; and, as fast as his failing strength permitted, he retraced his steps towards the burning city.

The work of destruction had raged unhindered through the night, and still continued with undiminished force its headlong track of doom. As evening advanced, the most beautiful portion of the city stood enveloped in flame. From the new Wall, the flood of fire was poured upon Hamburgh's magnificent buildings, over its far-famed Jungfernstieg. The splendid palaces, erected by the aristocratic hand of wealth-the bazaar, filled with every imaginable article of foreign and costly luxury-the stately hotels-all fell a prey to the destroying element in a few hours; nothing remaining of their glory, save the smoking ruins.

The walks leading to the city were filled with innumerable trains of wagons and conveyances of all kinds, in which the weeping, pallid inhabitants were fleeing with whatever they had saved from the general ruin. Thousands who had not found shelter, awaited the coming of night upon the fields and promenades in the suburbs; with the wrecks of their worldly goods, with wives and children, they wept beneath the darkening heavens, that were now their only refuge. It was a heart rending spectacle -a night-picture of terror—of deepest suffering.

The entire population of Hamburgh sighed beneath the strong fetters of inevitable misfortune; and, to add to the universal terror, the rumor spread that bands of incendiaries were passing through the streets, by their fiendish activity adding to the power of the conflagration. This rumor, that did not appear improbable, in view of the rapidity with which the fire spread from street to street, from quarter to quarter, passing over canals and bridges with incredible velocity, filled with bitterest feelings of resentment the hearts of the inhabitants, especially of the lower classes, who wrecked their indignation on many innocent persons, whom they cruelly ill-treated in their fury and unreasoning excitement.

Robin Hunter had crossed the Esplanade, and passed through the crowded new Junfernstieg, and had reached the old Junfernstieg, when loud shouts and cries, mingled with curses, reached his ears. He found himself suddenly in the midst of a dense crowd, from which he vainly sought to find an outlet. Pushed forward by the mass-still unknowing the cause of their great excitement—he was propelled on, until, within a small enclosed space, he beheld a man lying upon the ground, the face turned from him, bleeding from several wounds, and at the mercy of his aggressors. These were working men, who, armed with cudgels and weapons, such as they had found, had fallen upon their unfortunate victim with the still continued inciting cries of-

"Kill the dog! Down with the plunderer! Out of the world with the house-burner! Kill him-kill him! Into the fire with him!"

The martyred wretch offered only slight resistance. and not a word of complaint or defence passed his lips. But this appeared to embitter his tormentors still more; and the wild shouts, " Into the fire with him!" grew louder and more imperative, until all appeared inclined to carry out the design. They endeavored to raise the helpless being-for he was un-:able to raise himself-and for this purpose one of the omen seized him by the bair, turning his head around, so that the rigid, blood shot eyes, the disfigured face, was revealed to Robin Hunter's sight. His lips moved convulsively, giving forth only unintelligible sounds; but they reached the old man's ears, like a fearfully thundering accusation! He had recognized the painfully-disfigured, deathly-pale countenance of the unfortunate. With a loud, anguished cry-"Ralph!" he rushed towards him, and clasped him protectingly in his arms.

"Hold, for the love of God! He is my son, my son!" he cried to the infuriate numbers who pressed apon him, anger and menace on their faces.

They restrained for a moment their cries, and looked in amazement and curiosity upon the welldressed, seemingly influential man, who held the

him! throw him into the fire!"

the struggle for the life now so dear to him.

the tumult of the fire and the voice of the human half opened glass door, and advanced to meet him. domons! Only three steps more to the dreadful on his cheek, a thundering voice called out-

"Back! back! the gable falls!" and the dense nass parted.

reast; and with a fearful crash, the roof and walls The next moment powder-wagons came rattling past, had recovered from the terror occasioned by the falltack, Robin threw himself in the path of the Artillery his horse, and when he observed Ralph's counten-

by the falling houses. And you have ill-used him?" he said, turning indignantly to the crowd that had assembled around him.

"He carried tinder and matches. His face and hands were blackened with powder; he sneaked neighborhood of the Dikegate. about suspiciously, so we thought he was a houseburner: the more so, as he is an English sailor, and no one doubts that the English kindled the fire," said one of the workmen who had fearlessly approached.

"Foolish pack!" thundered the officer. "You blind fury."

The engineer who accompanied the officer, also gave his testimony, and a heavy load of care and dread was lifted from Robin's heart at this public acknowledgment of the innocence of his son. The officer offered to convey the wounded Ralph to the hospital, but the father would not let him go from his arms, and only demanded aid to convey him to his brother's country house. Several voices were raised with prompt offers of help, among those who a few moments before had doomed the victim to death. and losses; among them the angel of Death lowered The address of the artillery officer had caused a deep his torch; the angel of Life lighted the taper; for impression on the throng; and they were now repentant and eager to aid the object of their former blinded fury. Some of them hastily brought a sedan; others brought coverlets, a pillow to place beneath istence, welcomed by the maternal tears of sorrow his head; again others ran for a skillful physician, and between the many, the weary and wounded Ralph was kindly tended and swiftly conveyed from the scene of his sufferings.

Robin walked beside him, and held his hand: the unfortunate son pressed it gratefully, as often as his eyes sought the anxious countenance of his father, on which he found a gleam of love that had not rested there since his earliest remembrance.

## CHAPTER V.

northerly direction, and the storm that howled above away, when they were suddenly called to arms by the terrible destruction, lent its wings to the speed-Hamburgh seemed decided-its doom that of entire suspicion; the senate ordered the most rigid search

The danger approached the neighborhood of Benedict Jager's house. His daughter Marie had returned to the city the evening before, on not finding Robin Hunter in the country house. She had not seen her father since the day before; and he strictly ordered her, at the approach of danger, to save her and announced that a few moments ago two suspiself only, without regard to his property; he had already put in a place of safety his books and his ready money. On the morning of the eventful third time to prevent them, and compel them to seek day, Marie was deeply troubled, for the nearest streets had fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the pursuing elements; around her lay ruins and ashes. She found herself alone with her father's apprentice pursuit of them. The announcement of the soldier and her maid; the clerk had met with an accident spread among the fugitives encamped upon the ramduring the night, and had been conveyed to the parts, and created a terrible excitement. The near hospital. Her fears augmented with every passing dragoon stable, if set on fire, would, from its situamoment: she knew her father's stern, self-sacrificing views of duty, and she trembled for his life. All the neighbors were forsaking their dwellings; she found herself forsaken, left entirely alone. The thought of entire portion, of the new city, that hitherto had leaving the dear, familiar house, in which she had been born, whose every corner bore some pleasant memory; the scene of her happy childhood; never the chase was given, and he was captured, his peragain to behold its smiling aspect, was deeply pain- son searched, and if the slightest suspicion remained, ful to her heart.

With the thought of her father's danger, mingled also her fears for Mainert's safety, whom still, shouts were heard, and the news spread joyfully despite of the mandates of her father, she loved. from mouth to mouth, that the miscrennts had been She had not seen him since his dismissal from the caught amid the bushes of the promenade on the house; perhaps he had perished in the flames! Or ramparts. A loud, wild, continued hurrah! mingled had he left the city at the hour of peril? Or was with the howlings of the gale, and the entire mass he offended at her renunciation of his love, and kept of the people scattered; running, shouting, seeking, mud-covered, wounded, miscrable sailor in his arms. himself from her sight through wounded feeling? over the Wall or ramparts.

But their fury was not yet spent; the shouts arose These and a hundred other questions arose, to find ngain, louder and more violent than before-"Kill no satisfactory answer from her troubled heart. Bho ent alone in her chamber, which, through its glass Only a few hearts amid the throng had been doors, gave a view of the shop, her head resting touched by pity; these were peaceable citizens, who sadly upon her hand, she sought to gain some resolve had not added their voices to the vengeful cry; but in the necessity that momentarily drew more near. deep as was their commiseration, their influence and The apprentice sat, trembling with fear, behind the physical power were too weak to cope with the in- counter, and gazed upon the street, where the tumult censed mass. Robin Hunter found himself alone in of the flying people, the cries and shouts were growing louder every instant; he looked around upon But the awakened paternal love gave the old man the well-ordered shelves, with their array of fashionstrength-superhuman energy-to defend his son able goods, exhibiting his regret that such costly even against those fearful numbers. With tightly articles should be destroyed, by sad shakes of the enclosing arms he held him almost fainting, to his head and deep-drawn sighs. The servant-maid sat breast, while the people pressed upon him with by the door, her trunk beside her, ready at a moscornful laughter, mockery, and blows; only too ment's warning, to save herself and her effects by soon they succeeded in forcing his son from his flight. Still Marie sat and pondered, coming to no arms; but even when they dragged him across the determination, when an elegant carriago passing street, to throw him into the flames arising from a through the crowd, stopped at the door. In the most freshly fallen house-oven then, the father's hands tasteful morning toilette, the Count von Reichenstein released not their despairing hold upon his gar stepped out, and hastily requested to speak with ments, and his heart-wrung cries for help rose above Miss Marie. She heard the request through the

With an expression of deepest sympathy, that was goal, and the victim of the people's fury was lost! Well calculated to waken her inmost confidence, the Then-suddenly-in that moment of greatest peril, count stated that he was commissioned by her father while the father's despairing cries arose like shricks to take her to him. Her father, he said, had comof agony, while the hot breath of the flames played pletely exhausted his strength during the day, and found himself compelled to seek a few hours' rest in a distant house; he desired his daughter's presence, that, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently, they Ralph, caught again in Robin's arms, lay on his might return to the country. Marie, unconscious of the real name and standing of the count, believing of a near house fell in, within a few paces, touching him to be a resident in the neighborhood, harbored them not; whose hearts once more beat in unison. not the slightest doubt in the truth of his mission. Although his words of love and flattery had troubled bringing ammunition for the blowing up of several and disquieted her, and she had firmly refused the houses near St. Peter's Church. Before the people presents he had offered; all the memory was obliterrted in that moment, for all her thoughts were of ing house-before they could attempt another at her beloved father, and she pressed him with inquiries: whether he was wounded, hurt? whether officer, who commanded the train, and piteously im- any accident had befallen him? if there was nothing plored his help and protection. The officer reined in concealed from her? And when he assured her that her father was safe and well, and only desirous of beholding her in safety, she declared herself willing "By heavens! that is the brave fellow who helped to go with him. With tears in her eyes, she bade us so faithfully-who more than once risked his life farewell to the familiar home, to its comforts and pleasant memories; she bade her maid and the apprentice boy hasten to the other house, and with a saddened heart she entered the carriage. The count took his seat beside her, and they sped towards the

She paid no attention to the anecdotes he related. to his attempts at wit, for she deemed it sinful to pass the time, surrounded as they were with peril, in light jests and frivolous conversation. She thought only of her father in that hour. So they neared the Dikegate - Wall street; a part should be ashamed of your ingratitude, you mad of the city never entered upon before by Marie, who fools! For I tell you this man with his courage and had no thought of its suspicious character. The scorn of danger, has done more for the salvation of carriage stopped before a gaily painted house; withthe city, than all of you put together. Honor this out waiting for the count's offered help, Marie sprang man; honor his nation !-- for the same English sea towards the smiling and corpulent hostess, who stood captains, the sailors you entertain such shameless upon the threshold. With tears in her soft hazel thoughts of, that you persecute so unjustly—these eyes, with trembling voice she besought the woman are the very ones to sacrifice themselves in all direct to lead her immediately to her father. She was told tions for our deliverance. Open your eyes, and satis- with a strange look and an ironical smile, that her fy yourselves! Take hold of the engines, in place of dear papa was up stairs; she should please follow. innocent men!-seek to help and save, where you Without a thought of fear or treachery, Marie obeyed, can, in preference to covering the honest names of and followed the woman, and the count came with Hamburgh with shame, as you have done in your her; as her father's messenger, his presence did not awaken any alarm, or cause her any distrust.

The Dikegate wall, or rampart, which stretches behind the north side of the street, to a height reaching above the roofs of the houses, offers one of the finest promenades in Hamburgh. But that day it was filled with thousands of unfortunate beings, whom the fire had deprived of home and shelter. They lay in groups upon the damp grass plots, looking at one another in dumb despair, or confiding to their companions the extent of their misfortunes many closed their weary eyes beneath the overarching canopy of heaven, bidding farewell forever to earthly woe and trouble; new beings came into exand wretchedness.

A strong detachment of artillery had taken nossession of the watch-house on the ramparts; and a part of the guard stood together looking towards that portion of the city, towards the alley of trees by the churchyards, through which the criminals, taken from the penitentiaries and prisons, in chains and manacles, were guarded by Hanscatic soldiers, escorted to the vessels ready to convey them to Gluckstadt and Stade. The long line of prisoners, whom the unfortunate city could no longer hold The morning of the third day brought no relief to securely, afforded a revolting sight; even the artilafflicted Hamburgh; the conflagration raged on in a | lerists seemed to feel this, and were about to turn the cry of the watch. The rumors of incendiaries ing flames that spread from house to house. The going through the city had spread still further that danger and the terror increased with every moment: day, and caused great dread and apprehension. courage and resistance were exhausted; hope and Many an innocent person had fallen under the conconsolation gone; despair wailed loudly; the fate of demnation of the people; many were arrested on and investigation, and a number of citizens acted as police for the aid of the public security; their aim being also to restrain the mob from committing cruelties and excesses upon those suspected.

At that moment, a pale and breathless soldier. had come to the officer upon duty on the ramparts, cious looking fellows, in sailor's garb, had endeavored to fire the dragoon stables; that he came in safety in flight. They had taken the direction of the Dike gate, and after he had obtained a description of their persons, he sent a party of his men in tion and dangerous proximity, with the high wind that was raging, and the total exhaustion of all strength, soon cause the flames to spread over the remained untouched. As the excitement spread, groups were formed, and wherever a sailor appeared, or if he attempted flight, he was dragged to the watch-house, and placed in custody. Suddenly loud

den excitoment around. The explanation was given, perhaps help is yet possible." but in the meantime the two men, passing through the scattered crowd, had sprung across the high road, and thrown themselves from the steep slope of the ramparts, and bursting through the back doors of the small houses at the foot of the ramparts, they blind zeal and excitement, every one declared he had seen the wretches, but no one had seen in the right direction; no one could tell whither they had gone. The indignant multitude stood there, and looked determined what next to do; until the officer on the watch commanded his men to search the houses nearest to the ramparts.

This order, that was instantly put in execution the houses. Mainert deemed it his duty to follow bed, and amid the cries of the people he was taken was proved that same day, the poor sailor was innocent, and had hidden from the fury of the populace, search, determined on the finding of the other male mother's. factors; but all their efforts appeared to be in vain, until a servant maid told several of the by-standers a short jacket, and white straw hat, run dcross the street, and disappear in one of the opposite houses. prevent injury and outrage upon the innocent. The searchers had filled the lower part of the house, were noisily speaking and gesticulating, without, however, having found a sign of the fugitive.

A party of men passed on to the upper stories, and Mainort accompanied them: the citizen guards opened and searched the rooms, but found only terfaces bore the impress of their sad and vicious lives. Mainert remained in an empty room that led outbuildings. His head was bent forward, and he man's voice replied from within, and demanded laborers to do his duty at the engine. angrily who the intruder was. Mainert called upon him to open the door immediately; as if inspired with renewed hope, the cry for aid was repeated. In the meantime the noise had attracted the attention of several of the guards, who had hastened to the and wailing loudly, down the stairs.

deathly pale, trembling in every limb, Marie ap. peared before him; with loving confidence she clung to him, speaking no word, but looking up to him with the fervent look of gratitude, and the appeal for further protection. Count Reichenstein cowered like a guilty schoolboy, in a corner, seeking spairing wail, that seemed to arise beside him. to conceal his discomfiture beneath an assumed and rnful smile. When Marie had modestly and teartold the tale, shared his honest anger, and declared ert did not deem it advisable to trouble the authori ties in that time of danger with the matter; for publicity; but that was no longer possible; for the people streamed into the room, and soon heard enough to divert their attention from the incendiary, who could not escape them. They surrounded him, shouting, cursing, reviling him; and Marie and of his noble name, to obtain respect from the bystanders, saying they would incur a heavy responsibility if they dared to lay violent hands upon himhis nobility turned still more against him the popu. humbler classes of Hamburgh. In the next moment born's soul. he was surrounded closely, and then carried, not very gently, through the passage, and down the under the nearest pump. As they reached the street, a fire engine flew past, and its conductor called tain him in this fearful trial. loudly for hands to help him. The sentence of the court was instantly revoked, and he was given in the engine until sunset. All his entreaties, monanes. and lamentations, were in vain; two strong men lifted him up and placed him beside them on the wagon; and he beheld himself carried away; compelled to that most disagreeable of all services to him-to the assistance of his fellow-men.

Mainert and Marie lost no time in hurrying from that quarter; they passed up the near rampart stairs, and through the promenades, to the Dike gate. With a sweet feeling of security she clung to the arm of her deliverer, and the sense of happiness in his presence dispelled, after awhile, the grief and terror oche had seen him in passing only half an hour ago, by the Millern gate. These happy tidings banished fear and sorrow from Marie's breast; but when the young man asked her whether her father had saved his property, she replied sadly—

"He has had no time to think of himself; he sacrifices all to his love of duty; not a single thing has

"What a noble soul!" cried Mainert; "he knows cry of joy escaped him, for this discovery appeared

Just then, from the Millern gate, came the music that his property is in immediate danger, and yet teacher, Malnort; he wore the white scarf of the he can think only for the good of others! He does citizen policeman, and, in virtue of his office, he de- not move from his post, as if he thought that a cherub manded of the officer on duty the cause of the sud. of security guarded his house. We must be quick! Without further consideration, he sprang across

the road, towards two empty country wagons that were passing through the gate.

"Come with me, good people; I promise you a handsome reward!" he cried to the men who sat on had suddenly disappeared. As is usual, in cases of the horses; they replied as if they felt hurt by his words-

"Where there is necessity, we go with you, as well as with any other; but you need n't offer us pay, for our master has sent us into the city, not to earn down upon the roofs, cursing and menacing, but un money, but to help those who suffer, which is a human duty." Such beautiful traits of character manifested in

the humblest hearts, were of frequent occurrence during that time of terror, and many wealthy farmbrought new life into the awaiting mass, some of ers in the neighborhood strove with one another to whom joined the soldiery, and followed them into render the most disinterested aid to the afflicted city.

Mainert soon arranged matters with the men, who also in order to prevent injustice and cruelty. In placed themselves with horses and wagons at his one of the houses they found a sailor concealed in a disposal, and neither Marie nor himself deemed it an insult to etiquette when they took place, side by side in custody; it was a hard struggle for the military on the straw seat of the wagon. When they reached to protect him against the fury of the mob; but, as the street in which she lived, Marie observed that the fire had made but little progress during her absence, and she could have exulted loudly at the knowing that they had vowed destruction to all that thought that it was yet possible to rescue some of were the garb of the sea. They continued their the dear, familiar articles that had been her sainted

With the aid of the four country boys, and Mainert's admirable energy and activity, all the contents that a few moments before she had seen a sailor in of the house were placed in safety in the spacious wagons, and the entire property, untouched and undamaged, was carried to Jager's country home. This communication created a fresh storm, and a When the last wagon was unloaded there, Marie apnumber rushed towards the indicated house; here, proached her preserver, to whom she was that day too, Mainert felt it his duty to follow, in order to doubly indebted, and said, as she took his hand, and her eyes, filled with tears of grateful feeling, rested lovingly upon his face-

"My father must have been mistaken; you are a Christian; you are a good, brave man; for he who does good unto those who have wounded and injured him, must possess a noble heart! My father shall thank you himself-I cannot find the words: but if ror stricken, trembling girls, whom fear of the people it will rejoice you, take, in place of thanks, the asand the soldiery had assembled there, and whose surance that I will truly cherish the love I once confessed to you, whatever your belief may be."

With a fervent prayer, Mainert clasped the truth to a wide passage, which in turn led to some gloomy ful girl to his breast, and whispering a few more words of love and consolation, he bade her farewell. was listening intently; for he thought he heard sobs his heart filled with hope and happiness. He went and the tones of a female voice. Suddenly a thrill to seek his friend Herborn, whom he had not seen ling cry for help arose, that caused his heart to stand since the first day of the fire. As he neared the still; for it was a well-known voice that re-echoed burning portion of the city, he beheld the venerable in his inmost soul! He flew across the passage that church of St. Peter in fullest blaze, and Jager's house led to the outbuildings, and with one effort flung was burning, and now irrevocably doomed to destrucaside the woman who seemed to guard the entrancaption; in a neighboring street he observed Count and thundered with elenched fist upon the nearest Reichenstein, almost exhausted by his unaccustomed door, from which the cry for help resounded. A labor, urged on and compelled by the surrounding

#### CHAPTER VI.

The blackest night surrounded Herborn on his return to consciousness; as if awakening from a horspot; when the woman whom Mainert had flung rid dream, his eyes vainly endeavored to pierce aside, saw the numbers that filled the house, heard through the impenetrable darkness; half rising the tramp of many feet beneath, she rushed, crying himself, he felt around the walls and floor, and many minutes passed before he could collect his As Mainert's request was not complied with the thoughts. A cold shudder ran through his frame as door was burst open with the butt end of the mus. | the memory of the past grew clear, as the fact bekets. Mainert's heart had not deceived him, for, came apparent, that of all the dreaded perils he had escaped from, the very worst had now seized upon him, and held him fast with iron arms. The very knowledge of his threatened fate called into activity his dormant senses; the first sound that came to his ears, as consciousness grew strong, was a hollow, de-

The same thunder crash that threw Herborn inensible to the ground, had awakened fully told her story, the indignation of her lover her swoon. Her last recollection was of the moment knew no bounds; the guards, to whom he briefly when she had attempted to descend the stairs, and flee with her treasures from the burning house; but themselves ready and willing to deliver the aristo. of the time that had elapsed between that moment. oratic libertine into the hands of justice. But Main. and the present, all was blank to her. Her awaken. ing was terrible; cold chills coursed through her frame: she was too weak to rise; she could not even Marie's sake he would have guarded the event from move her hands, that lay as if frozen to stone upon her lap. But her mind was active, and filled with the terrors of the past; the wildest shadow-pictures passed before her, of which one, the most frightful whom no one could find, to the heartless deceiver of all, sank deep into her soul, accompanied by a thousand terrors-the picture of the grave! The silence of death that surrounded her-the darkness, Mainert, now for the first time, heard his real name | the mouldy air, the strange, hard resting place, her and title; as he vainly endeavored, by the authority immovable position, all confirmed the thought, that with the obstinacy of madness possessed her, that she was buried alive-left to die the most horrible death! A loud cry of anguish burst from her quiva nobleman! But his warnings and pompous exhor. cring lips, a despairing prayer uprose from her heart. tatious only created a laugh; and the mention of she uttered wild, incoherent words, and cried for help, until exhausted by her efforts, her voice sank lar feeling; for titled names were not beloved by the into the hollow, imploring wail that thrilled to Her-

As he listened, he trembled with mingled pity and terror; still more distinctly he felt the depth of stairs; and his captors with one voice declared his misery into which he had fallen, and he was aroused sentence, which was to give him a good drenching to the effort for the preservation of that other life so dear to him; he sought for hope and courage to sus-

He felt his way amid the darkness, until he reached Helene's side; sinking upon his knees before her, he charge of the volunteers, who promised to keep him | breathed her name in the softest accents of sympathy; under strictest scrutiny, and compel him to work at he had to repeat it many times before she heard, for the dense veil of delirium was wrapped around her; she cried with a broken voice, interrupted by despairing shricks-

"Save me, merciful God! Oh! the cold earth is so heavy on my breast; why have you buried me without a coffin-lid? Oh, he hears me not—the Allpitying One! No help, no deliverance! Come then. death! Come, oh come quickly! release me from these terrors! Smother me before fierce hunger compels me to gnaw my own flesh. And yet-no, no! away with death! I will not die; I am too young; life is too beautiful! Yes, life, life! Oh, God, let casioned by the treachery of the count. Her fears for me live! Punish me, take all I have, all that minher father, too, were allayed, for Mainert assured her istered to my pride and vanity; I will be poor, a beggar; let me only once more breathe the air of heaven; take from me this night, take me from this grave, give me one ray of light-light, light!"

Her senses grew more and more confused, she heard not Herborn's consoling words; her cries of fear reached wiordly through the subterranean room.

Herborn remembered the hanging lamp he had been resoued from our house, and now it may be too observed on his first entrance, and feeling along the arched ceiling he found it had remained there; a

to him of inestimable value; for he could light the at his work. For two hours he continued, allowing lamp, and it would be the safest means of arousing himself no rest, and yet he made no progress, for the Helene from her dread conjectures, for he feared in stones and rubbish fell from above, and filled anow her state of physical exhaustion, that the light of the space he had so laboriously cleared. Heleno bereason might become extinguished forever. He care sought him to allow her to help him, and despite of ried in his pocket a tinder-box, by whose aid he soon his reluctance, he was compelled to yield to her encaused a mild and pleasant light to spread through treaties, and she helped him to pile up the stones the dreary chamber. Its effect answered all his around the cellar walls; her soft, white, dainty hones.

darkness, the great fear also departed from Heleno's inflicted by the sharp stones, for her thoughts and soul. She looked around, trembling and amazed, but energies were bent on liberation from the gloomy the fearful thought had forsaken her that she lay prison. living in the grave, in the bosom of the cold earth. Not only her mind resumed its reasoning powers, even her physical strength seemed restored by the presence of the friendly light.

"Where am I?" were the first words she uttered reply, she said with anxious eagerness-

"What has happened to me? How came I here? brings you here, Herborn, to this dreadful place?"

By degrees he succeeded in rendering all clear to

flood came rolling from house to house, fear of it ments fell into a heavy slumber. made my heart stop its beatings, and deprived me of . He awoke not for several hours: then he felt his sense. I was in the upper chamber; yes, I resolved pained limbs, and cold chills coursing over him, a to save my jewels, my silver, and as I lifted the burning thirst devouring him; it took several minheavy basket and looked up, I saw the forked flames utes to restore him to a full comprehension of his speeding from the roof towards the windows; the position. He observed with terror that the light was glass broke-fell in a shower; I was quite alone- on the point of going out; that the last flicker of forsaken, helpless, and the great dread overcame me; its rays illumined the dreary chamber, and he ac-I threw myself upon the floor, just as I had left the cused himself bitterly for having so extravagantly room. My father was-oh, God! where is my father?" she interrupted herself with a loud cry. "Did he But another, greater care, filled his soul with dread, perish in the flames, Herborn? Speak; know you for he beheld the approach of the two worst foes of where he is? Is he dead-dead?"

Although Herborn could give her no certain tidings. he sought to console her, by expressing his belief Helena a morsel of bread or a draught of water. A that her father must have left the house in time, for mighty anguish took possession of him; the fearful on his entrance he had found the lower rooms empty, pictures of a death by famine thronged around him and everything in a state of confusion.

"So he thought only of his own safety; could he have completely have forgotten me?" said Helene. sadly; "but then did not I too forget him, when I went to gather together the jewels and the silver? slight rustling in the straw; this insignificant sound, The daughter forsook the father in the moment of heard amid the grave-like stillness, renewed his danger, in order to save her trinkets; and the father, hopes; by the dim light he felt amid his pallet: perhaps, left his child to the flames, thinking only of the safety of his gold! This is the work of the place. Searching around the walls he found some mocking idol we have worshiped before his throne: faithlessness passes for virtue, and cold selfishness is dried fruit, pears and figs, about a handful altohis first command. Oh, I am severely punished! I gether. The costlict treasure found there consisted have sinued grievously in my pride, even against of two apricots, wrapped up in fine paper, as they you, Herborn; I insulted you by my ridiculous scorn, arrive in the boxes from the distance. They lay and yet you were the only one to save me in the mo. upon the ground—had probably been left there in ment of peril! Oh, tell me, has your noble heart the hasty flight—and Herborn concluded that the forgiven me? Your good deed assures me so, and celler had been the business place of a fruit-dealer. solemnly do I here promise you I will do better in Although the scanty supply would not suffice for how blessed it must be to feel that we are truly ad | young lawyer a deep, heartfelt joy; with glad, trivancing in goodness, to feel it deep within the heart! But now, I implore you, take me from this dreadful entered the next room. Helena was awake, and with place; I feel strong enough to go. Take me away delighted surprise he beheld that she was preparing from here, up, up, to the sunshine, to the view of God's free, blue heavens-to my father's arms!"

With deep and silent joy Herborn had listened to the words that announced her changed feelings, that revealed her soul as he once had deemed it, the dwelling place of noble, lofty thought. But her request to be led thence, caused him great embarrassment, for he foresaw that it could not easily be complied with. He reluctantly told her so, and immediately commenced the investigation of the narrow quarters. His fears were but too well grounded; he found the sparkling stones; but for this light, and the three stairs to the door of the cellar, as well as the only others I have found, take my warmest thanks! 1 window fronting the street, were completely blocked up with rubbish, stones and fallen brick-work. A deep sigh, that involuntarily escaped him, announced found them. You must bear with me, Herborn; I to the anxiously awaiting Helene the result of his am a child that has always been surrounded by the investigations.

With folded hands she stood beside him. looked speechlessly upon the ruins around that barred their should die of terror if the friendly glehm of light egress from that dismal place; and again new, terrible thoughts, assailed her brain; she heard not the proffered consolations of her trusty friend. But all his energies were awakened, his thoughts bent on deliverance for them both. He knew that in Hamburgh the cellars were often used for workshops, sometimes serving as a dwelling place for the poor family, often conveniently furnished, containing several rooms, and usually built with two outlets, one leading to the street, the other into the back part of the house to which it belonged. He had observed a door in the wall, and hoping to find through it the mightily in his soul, striving to express its newway to deliverance, he hastened with an eager hand found life in words, for Helena was wonderfully to open it. He found beyond a narrow space, about by the faint reflection of the lamp; all was drear, empty-four blackened walls, without door or window. His heart stood still; for now it seemed their last hope was flown; his dread forebodings had come to pass; he saw that they were walled in beneath the earth, doomed to the most terrible death !

"No way of escape?" said Helene, with dilated

eyes, and convulsively clasped hands. "No way," he replied, with quivering lips, and echo caught the sound, repeating it in weird, hollow | could speak calmly, he said-

With a loud cry she fell back upon the hard couch. .. "Buried alive!" she groaned, and her trembling lips remained half opened, her wild, imploring glances swept the dark walls; deepest anguish and terror was depicted on her countenance.

Herborn stood beside her, regarding her with feelings deeper far than those of sympathy; involuntarily he bent the knee before her, but he could find no he heard the repeated cry, "Lost, lost, and buried! this is only a wider grave!" he found again his evinced her gratitude. speech, and with a sudden inspiration he said-

Helene, as long as life remains in my heart, do not renounce hope. God, who led me to save you and food I do not think our prison so dreary. from the flames, will give me strongth to snatch you Heaven has not quite forsaken us, for it permits us from this wide grave! In him I trust! with God I to find some of its gifts, even beneath the earth : let go to labor!"

With the power of a sudden resolve he rose from the street, and began eagerly to throw the stones and brickwork that blockaded the way into the

hands accustomed themselves willingly to the rough. As soon as the mild rays dispelled the profound laborious task; she even took no heed of the wounds

So they worked on, and he interrupted the silence by friendly words of encouragement, for which she thanked him with a touching smile; but all their efforts were vain; two hours of continued labor exhausted Helena's strength, and even that of Herborn with full consciousness; and with a cry of surprise | had totally forsaken him. His arms fell powerless to Herborn's name passed her lips. Before he could his side, and his knees trembled under him. They both saw the necessity of rest and resolved to lay aside their work for awhile. He led her to the sofa, and she en-Am I in prison? What have I done, and what treated him to share with her the only resting place. that sad retreat offered them; she read in his pale face and dimmed eyes how much he needed repose, her, in telling her of the past events, since he carried and she desired him to take a part of the roomy her fainting from her father's house, speaking of sofa, but Herborn could not be persuaded to deprive himself and the dangers he had incurred for her her even of the smallest portion of the scanty consake, as lightly as possible, and only so far as was venience; he pressed her hand in silence to his necessary to her perfect understanding of the present. burning lips, and hastened to the adjoining room, "Hamburgh in flames!" she cried, as recollection where he had observed a bundle of straw upon the dawned upon her; "yes, now I remember! the fiery ground. He sank down upon it, and in a few mo-

expended the precious oil, while both were sleeping. humanity-hunger and thirst-coming towards him. and he felt the utter impossibility of procuring for like the threatening phantoms; moveless, as if bound in the fetters of a dreadful dream, he sat upon the ground gazing on the bleak, bare walls. Suddenly he was aroused from his gloomy reverie by a shelves and on one of them a few walnuts, and some the future! I feel the sacredness of the good resolve: even a hungry child, still the view of it caused the umphant looks, carrying his treasures with him, he to light a wax candle in the place of the lamp about to be extinguished. Beside her stood the basket that contained her valuables; her jewels lay carelessly thrown upon the ground; among them all she had found the wax candles, the most valuable of all her possessions at the time.

"I wanted to give you a surprise," she said, with a gentle smile, as she pointed to the now burning and cheerful taper. "Do not ask me at present to thank you for saving the glittering metal and the candlesticks into the basket. I am so glad to have bright sunrays of wealth and splendor. For the first time in my life I am involved in darkness; I did not cheer me! I will revere it as my star of hope, and as long as I can behold it you shall hear from me no complaint."

Herborn gazed upon her in silent admiration; she was beautiful in her sorrow and resignation; the brightness of her eye, subdued as by a pensive veil, the suffering humility enthroned upon her brow, the irresistible charm of grace and loveliness cast around her, all deeply moved his heart. Gazing upon her he forget the pain, the weariness, the thirst and dread: he felt his powerful love uprising changed, and the strange fate that had brought ten feet in length, and six in breadth, dimly visible them together in misfortune appeared to cast down every barrier between them. Still his delicacy, his truly noble feelings would not permit him to avail himself of her dread and helplessness, by repeating an acknowledgment of affection to which, through gratitude, she might at that time respond more favorably. He placed the seal of silence on his lips, forced back the thronging words so eagerly seeking expression, and struggled manfully with his throbbing heart. When he had obtained the victory, and

"I have been favored by fortune, and am enabled to give you a surprise in return. The shipwrecked sailor, on a dreary island, is often elated with hope and confidence on finding a scanty supply of wild fruits; they seem to promise a saving future. May the scanty meal which I now offer to you awaken a like feeling in your breast!"

He had placed the fruits in a silver plate which he had taken from the basket; with a forced smile words in presence of her mighty grief. Only when he presented it to her. She received his offering with much emotion, and a soft pressure of her hand

"My worst apprehensions are dispelled," she said, with an appearance of cheerfulness. "With light us gratefully enjoy what God has given!" She placed the silver candlestick upon a heap of stone his kneeling posture, rushed to the door that led to near to the sofa and drew Herborn beside her. "Now let us justly share our meal," she said, and divided the dried fruits in two unlike shares. of which she offered the largest to her friend; she A fresh ray of hope again stole to Helene's heart divided also the apricots, but her companion could as she saw his intention, and watched him beginning not be urged to take even the smallest portion,

strongly as he was prompted by the gnawings of that they were not far from the surface of the mass. burning house, intent upon the noblest duty of huhunger. He declared firmly that he was accustomed He continued engerly to pull away the stones from to privations of that kind and did not need any the large opening already made; he worked on for nourishment; but she understood the reason of his some time in silence, then he oried, suddenly: denial, and, deeply moved by his self-sacrifice, sho "Light! day! we are saved!" The last stone he yet felt deeply pained that he should deny himself had drawn forth fell from his hand; he staggered the scanty, necessary refreshment, for her sake, back against the wall, for the blissful sense of deliv-Oh, how poor, how deeply humiliated she felt at that erance that thrilled his weakened frame, was overmoment before the man whose loving heart and powering in its sudden joy. He pointed, tremblingly, truthful soul she had cast proudly from her in the to a small apporture, scarcely large enough to admit cold days of her prosperity. Involuntarily she com- his hand, through which a bright, freedom announc. pared him with her betrothed the Count von Reiling sunbeam streamed in upon Helena's pallid face. chenstein, who had forsaken her in danger for the illumining its glad surprise with caressing, golden sake of a merry gathering; she felt contempt in her splendor! Tears of the deepest emotion filled her heart for him; she acknowledged to herself that she eyes; involuntarily she fell upon her knees; with had never loved him, that it was only his rank, his outstretched, folded hands, she cried: brilliant exterior that had attracted her.

She read the depth and ferver of Herbern's love in his eyes, and it needed no repeated assurances on Father I receive my fervent gratitude!" his part to convince her of his unaltered affection. And yet he was so distantly respectful, he overcame so nobly the pain she had inflicted, devoted himself gratitude and joy. For several moments there was to her deliverance and comfort with so much tender silence; with deepest emotion in their hearts they solitude, without the slightest allusion to his suffer. gazed upon the inspiring sunbeam; then, recovering ings, without the remotest hope of compensation, without the least entreaty for the future. How rich and great he appeared in the undisguised nobleness of his character! endowed with the highest rank, in his manly worth! He had become inexpressibly dear to her during the few hours that they had been companions in misfortune.

To escape from her entreaties, that he would take his share of the fruits, he had returned to his toil some work; she followed him and insisted on help ing him as before; all his tender entreaties, that she would rest, were lost upon her; she proved as thrust against the walls by a passing engine; the determined as he had been.

They continued their labors for about an hour, when suddenly the space that had been formed in the stairway way filled up with a crash from above. the loose stones rolling in upon it, and a large piece of masonry falling in between, that seemed to erect tself as an impassible barrier to all further hope of escape. Herborn knew not what to do next, and Helena grew still paler. He saw that all effort was vain, that he could not overcome this new hindrance; but one glance at Helena's deathly pale face and tearful eyes inspired him anew with courage and de-

He piled up a heap of stones beneath the window. then sprang upon it, took off the narrow casement with its small, broken panes, and through this opening pursued his slow and laborious task. At first it cemed that he succeeded well, but he had a work of many feet of ruins to overcome, and already the cleared space was filling up. It was in vain that he and Helena cried for help, for weak and unheard their voices reached only in the narrow cell. Sometimes they faintly heard the rolling of a carriage, the distant thunder of the cannons, or the crash of falling houses, that had been blasted by powder to prevent the progress of the flames, but no friendly, numan voice reached them in their forgotten, subterraneous abode. The street was above them; nearly all its dwellings burn to the ground in smoking ruins, dreary and forsaken. Still more dread and clearly they saw their danger; still nearer came the fearful messenger of death. Though Herborn struggled nobly to maintain fortitude and screnity, he could not help feeling in his soul the insidious approach of despair, for his strength was departing, the thirst that devoured him was heightened painfully by the fine particles of sand that filled the air. arising from the falling ruins; it became insupportable; hunger gnawed at his vitals with its sharpest tooth, and the wound upon his knee pained him severely. He was compelled to allow himself some rest, and dizzy with pain and weariness, he sank upon the sofa, but still obstinately refused to take

any nourishment.

Towards the afternoon, when he had rested several. hours, he felt sufficiently strengthened to pursue his labor. With the exertion of all his powers he continued to clear away the rubbish, but with no better access than at first. Nearly one third of the col was filled from the ground to the ceiling with the stones and bricks, and Herbon's watch told him that he had labored for nearly six hours, and that night was drawing near. He yielded to Helena's entreaties and promised to rest through the night. Two of the wax tapers had been used through the day and necessity compelled them to spare the remaining two for the next day, and Helena willingly re solved to sleep in darkness. Herborn threw himself, as before, upon his bed of straw, but the gnawing pangs of hunger, the raging demands of thirst tormented him for hours, until at last a lethargic

When he awoke he felt, as he had the day weak, almost to fainting, he was resolved to dedicate his life to the work of deliverance. He arose and the remaining candles and found Helena still asleep. noise attendant upon his work could not fail of disturbing her. He stood a long while by her couch possible to continue his task, without awakening the sleeper, for he felt irresistably impelled to proceed. an exclamation of joyous surprise, for he felt it cold and wet! He supposed that a heavy rain must have through the loose rubbish blocking up the way. He pressed his burning lips to the cold, wet stone, and although he could not thereby quench his thirst, the cooling touch revived him, and the hopeful thought surface of the mass of ruins, as the rain had penetrated to the ground.

When Helena awoke, and with sweet and pensive grace returned his morning greeting, he eagerly communicated his joyful discovery. With equal gladness deliverance. With renewed energy, both continued feet and hasten towards him. He had found another tice should be done, sought Mainert in every portion layer of wet stones, and again was hope renewed of the city. At length he found him in Herborn's despot. Only bigotry and ignorance could utter-

"I behold once more Thy blue skies, O Lord of Life! I see the day, the sunlight! Beneficent

Herborn could not uttor a word, for his soul's depths were stirred with the holiest emotions of his self-possession, Herborn felt the glow of hope had strengthened anew his failing strength. It was now comparatively easy to pursue the work - to widen the opening that admitted the light. He soon heard the noisy bustle of the adjoining streets; he heard footsteps, that were rapidly approaching; he heard human voices, and to his intently listening ear came the loudly spoken words: "It was the night of Thursday; I stood there at my post, to bar the street, as a house was about to be blown up; and for a moment or two, I with my companions was man had hurried past us into the forbidden street. It was light enough for me to see that he held a lady in his arms, and carried also a large basket. I suppose the burden was too heavy for him, for he leaned against the railing of the cellar stairs, close by the house that was to be blown up. 'Back! back !' I cried, as loud as I could; but at that very moment thundered the explosion about our ears, and the house fell, and buried him in the fall. I announced the fact, and we went to the spot as soon as we could; but could not find a vestige of him, for the heap of ruins blocked up nearly all the street. and we all thought that he and the lady were crushed beneath. We dared not waste time there; and what good would it have done to clear away all the rubbish, in order fo find the dead bodies a few days sooner?"

With breathless attention, Herborn had listened to the story of his own misfortunes; and he bent his head through the opening which led to the street; a cry burst from his lips; trembling with the excitement of fresh joy, he called loudly:

"Mainert! Mainert!"

He was not mistaken; his friend stood beside the brave citizen, Sergeant Jager, close by the heap of ruins on the street. They had vainly sought throughout the city for the banished friend, and the missing niece; and the same soldier who was that day on duty had witnessed the falling of the house, and the flight of Herborn, and had designated to them the spot of the supposed melancholy, occurrence. In a few moments, bricks, stones and rafters were cleared away sufficiently from the window, and loud cheers welcomed the delivered ones from their prison. The joy of the spectators was augmented when it became known, that not only had Mainert found his friend, but the honest Jager had also found his niece. Helena had never heard her father speak of this uncle: great was her joyous surprise when he claimed that relationship; but when informed that her father was safe, that her newly found brother was with him at Jager's country home, her joy and gratitude knew no bounds A few hours ago, Herborn's dwelling, 'too, had been burnt to the ground; his friend, almost at the risk of his life, had saved his books and papers from the flames.

Herborn thought not of his own losses; his soul was filled with the blissful consciousness of having freed Helena from the dread terrors that beset them, and in this thought he forget all of self. A carriage was taken to convey the rescued ones to a place of safety. Mainert, descending into the dreary retreat that had for forty hours been a prison to his friend, returned from thence with the basket of valuables. that had been forgotten in the great joy of deliverance. When Mainert had entered the vehicle, it drove off rapidly towards Jager's rural home.

o o a Throughout the night the fire sped on in its destructive fury, in a northerly direction; but the slumber bound him deeply in forgetfulness of his next morning the foe at length was conquered; the unhappy city breathed freely once again.

Benedict Jager had many opportunities, during pefore, a soreness in all his limbs; yet, although the various scenes of terror, of observing the con duct of the music-teacher, Mainert, whom he beheld eyer active amid the most imminent peril, risking went softly into the adjoining room, lighted one of his life to lend willing aid to his suffering fellow beings. He saw the young man carrying an old, He resolved to wait her awaking, for the unavoidable infirm Jew from his burning dwelling; he saw him bring a forsaken, helpless child from the upper story of a flaming house; lead a blind old man through gazing upon the sad and beautiful face, now so the dangers of a dense crowd and a burning street, elevated in its expression of humility and resigna- himself carrying the few effects that made up the tion. He turned to the window to try if it were property of the unfortunate. He beheld the young man, inspired by the purest philanthrophy, exercising all the sublimest mandates of Christian When his hand touched the stone he drew back with charity, without regard to station or belief; others there were, strict members of a church, who looked on with indifference, offering no neighborly help fallen, through the night, and the water had passed amid the devastation; pay, more, endeavoring even to draw pecuniary profit from the sufferings of their fellow Christians; taking the usurer's part, and closing their doors against the wail of the unfortunate. The observation of all this, tended greatly to arose within his heart that he soon would reach the overcome the prejudices that had found so long a refuce in that warm and noble heart; he acknowl. edged that true religion consisted not alone in the obedience to outward forms; that its chief exercise was in the fulfillment of the moral duties, - in the prompt, loving offerings of benevolence. And all she shared his brightest hopes for their approaching this, quietly and unostentatiously, had the good Mainert done. The old man felt ashamed of his their labors. But alas ! again they were doomed to projudices. He formed the resolve to seek him. candisappointment; for after a few layers of wet stones didly avow his error, reinstate him in his favor, and had been cleared away, there followed a bed of dry bid him welcome again to his house; he would no and dusty brickwork. Still, the bitter disappoint longer oppose his authority against the pleadings of ment did not altogether crush their hopes. They his daughter's heart. When he returned to his worked on until the afternoon; and then Helena, house, and heard from Marie of the self-sacrificing yielding to her friend's urgent entreaties, allowed spirit with which the young man, forgetting injury herself a short respite from the unaccustomed labor, and humiliation, had saved his property and his She was reclining on the hard couch, when a sudden daughter's honor, he left his house with hurried ory of joy from Herborn caused her to start to her pace, and with a determination that immediate jus-

manity. A few words sufficed between these souls of honor; they came to a perfect understanding; their noble hearts bent in unison of love and purpose.

Arm in arm, they passed through the streets, seeking the two lost ones; and at last succeeded in finding those so dear to them. When they had arrived at the happy country house, Jager, taking Mainert's hand in his, led him to where his daughter sat, and said to her:

"It was all dark in my heart; but the flames have thrown their light upon it, and my eye sees clearly that your deliverer has stood the ordeal of faith in this terrible time. Take him, Marie. With his true heart and brave will, he will prove a secure stay to thee in prosperity and in sorrew; you have your father's blessing, my dearest child."

We pass over a period of four months; and from he present are enabled to give a true portrayal of the consequences following upon the the terrible conflagration of Hamburgh.

We find Mainert and Marie wedded and happy, having that blissful existence of love that for such hearts seems to promise an eternity of duration.

Robin Hunter is cheerful and happy as he never was before; for his conscience is freed from its accusing burdens. The discarded brother and the forsaken son cling to him lovingly, and give him daily proof of their devotedness, of the utter absence of all bitterness and resentment from their lovewarm hearts. And he is worthy now of the affection they bestow upon him; for his heart, too, is purified, and full of noble, human feeling, awakened here by the thunder-call of adversity. When he saw the stately palaces reduced to ashes; his own costly dwellings, his surrounding elegances and luxaries fall a prey to the unsparing element; when he now the ruins of wealth and pride around him, his oul was compelled to acknowledge the worthlessness of riches, the emptiness of worldly possessions. As he looked upon the disfigured face, the wounded form of his wretched son, whose just accusations thrilled his soul with a fearful consciousness, he felt the last remnant of his pride give way; he envied the meanest beggar, secure in the possession of the love of his children. In view of his son's danger, he vowed thenceforth to despise the power of wealth; to seek for happiness in the exercise of human duties; and he kept his word when the deep anguish was taken from him, and his rescued children lay on his breast.

He offered his brother the half of his possessions n money, in restitution for the inheritance he had deprived him of. Benedict accepted the offer, on condition that he might dispose of the money in any manner he chose. He divided the sum : with one half he assisted many unfortunate ones who by the fire had been deprived of shelter; with the rest he commenced a small business for Ralph, which he was to pursue on his own account, under the friendly direction of his uncle. Hunter approved of his brother's noble plans, and sought in all to aid him in his benevolent works, unmindful of the decrease of his property. He sought to repay the debt of gratitude he owed to Herborn; but the young lawyer refused decidedly to accept any compensation for the services rendered, or for the loss of his own propertv. although tendered with all the tact and delicacy that was possible; but he accepted gladly the cordially given invitation to consider himself as a welcome friend, whom father and daughter were glad to see at all times.

For two weeks Ralph suffered intensely from the painful, though not dangerous wounds received in the street conflict; then he recovered strength; and the manifold proofs awarded him, of fatherly and sisterly affection, while they calmed the wild emotions, the sorrowful thoughts of the nast, threw a new charm upon the life now opening before him. So much kindness had never fallen to his share; and to this elevation of thought and feeling the good Jager, by his constant example and friendly exhortations, aided the struggling soul con-

Hitherto Ralph's life had been an aimless one; he for excitement and pleasure, he had reached the heights of heartless enjoyment; he had descended the lowest depths of humanity in that fruitless search; and had found no healthy nourishment for his starving soul. His uncle now offered him this nourishment; awakening him to a consciousness of his own innate dignity and duties; leading him to a worthy aim, to the smiling Eden of contentment, the happy, humble home. Ralph had been accustomed to the extremes of society; the path he now entered upon was entirely new : its quiet charm attracted him : the comparatively humble station was accompanied by unknown, pure delights, that were healthful to the long storm-tossed soul.

We have alluded to Helena's heart-purification: misfortune had divested her of the false pride, and in its place humility and love were harbored in her breast. The pleasures of wealth, the triumphs and splendors of the great world appeared to her unworthy of a soul's striving for; she was convinced that true happiness was not to be found in the golden treasures of earth, but only in the treasures of the heart-the soul's wealth of affection that a humble competence and a contented spirit sufficed for happiness, if shared with one beloved object; and she resolved to banish all vain, ambitious thoughts thenceforth. She had not heard of the Count von Reichenstein since the time of the fire. After he had served his compulsory apprenticeship to the engine, he had vanished from the city, as was rumored, to escape his numerous creditors. Herhorn visited her frequently; she received him with glad, welcoming smiles in the neat dwelling to which with her father she had removed. She read the silent and reiterated confession of love in the eyes of her noble deliverer: but he never betrayed his fondest. wishes by the slightest word. At last Helena, following the dictates of her noble and generous heart; gave him the most convincing proof of that heart's. final victory over pride and worldliness, by reminding him of his first appeal to her affection, and offering him her true and willing hand. He received the boon with tears of grateful happiness, and in a few days these loving hearts will be joined in the indissoluble bond, their souls rejoicing that the power of misfortune thus led them through the darkness unto the glorious light of day.

The city of Hamburgh still sighs beneath the terrible consequences of those three days of terror. But we will not join in the clamor of those heartless mystics, who, even from the pulpit, denounce the dread calamity that visited the noble city as the dreadful punishment of God, thus presenting the great, all-loving, all-wise, and Good Spirit, who rules. in all things, as the revengeful incendiary and cruel such a judgment, and tell the world that such a punishment was merited. Louder and more convincing than all the sermons of the time, spoke the actions of her brave, self-sacrificing citizens, that won the admiration and the sympathy of all. And throughout all Germany that sympathy was awarded: nearly all Europe placed its rich offerings upon the fire-alters of the city. Many tears have been wiped away; and may those who yet look sorrowfully into the future, be strengthened by the hopeful consolation, that although deprived of much wealth and

# Banner of Tight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

Published at No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street,

LUTHER COLBY, WILLIAM BERRY, THOS. GALES FORSTER, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

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#### HARMONY OF SOUL.

"There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Suil quiring to the young-eyed chorubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls."
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The elements of harmony are within us, but we have not yet learned to discover the principle. What seems harsh, jangled, and out of tune-what looks inconsisten contradictory, and altogether unrelated -what makes life appear a net-work of entanglements, or a mass of ill-assorted experiences, may be made to wear the face of order, and harmony, and beauty, if we will only take the pains to understand the law. There is many a man, and many a woman. who would be glad to make his or her life a truer life, if the principle could be understood. There are eager inquirers enough after a perfect life, if they could but know the simple law.

It was that each of us might discover this law for himself, that we have such varied and contradictory experiences. In the process of that very discovery, we become acquainted with ourselves; we are greater discoverers even than Columbus, for we launch forth upon an ocean to which there are no shores known. One is poor, and another is rich; but the rich man

may be in reality the poorer. One holds high public position, and another is not thought of in the popular estimation of all; but the unknown man may be far out of the other's reach, and it is only the public's loss that they do not know him. Within the soul there are ups and downs, also; here a light, and there a shadow; now a height of exultation, and again a depth of disappointment: yet all those opposites are reconcilable. It takes just those opposites to make the life whole. There would be no bitter without a sweet-no joy, unless by relation to its contrast, sorrow-and no virtue, if there were no temptation. And we acquire a knowledge of the first principles of harmony, the moment we perceive and accept this inevitable law of our being.

It is a delightful thought that we are originally endowed with all the qualities and elements that are needed to make life a whole and sweet thing; the great purpose of life is to assort and combine, arrange and regulate, balance and subordinate them, as to produce perfect harmony within the nature. The minute and delicate works in a watch are objects of admiration to every observer; but the secret' springs and balances of the soul are indescribably more wonderful than these. We render our arpreciation of the odors of choice flowers into expressions almost of ecstasy; but the fragrance given forth by a beautiful and harmonious soul is infinitely beyond comparison with those. There is nothing in nature that matches a perfect soul; all other charms, beauties, delights, and wonders, may aid in the development of its qualities, may assist at every turn to call them forth, but they can never become its equal, or make good its deficiency.

A person reads of what another has accomplished for himself in this way, and instantly exclaims-"Yes, but he had advantages and opportunities that I have not!" It is a mistake. All the advantages are what he finds for himself. When he has discovered the principle of spiritual harmony, all nature turns to and works along with his endeavor; even obstacles come up and offer their assistance; in fact, there are no obstacles, for they bend to the law as obediently as flowers turn to the revolving sun. And it is equally a mistake to suppose that wealth, position, friendship, or fortuitous circumstances of any sort are essential to this spherical growth of the human soul: they become vastly more attractive when they receive the expression which a harmonious nature alone knows how to impart to them, but they are in no sense necessary helps or instruments. Through these the beautiful soul delights to manifest itself, as indeed through some such instrumentalities it must; but it is a fatal mistake to suppose that they stand for the soul, or in any way represent its ansinite worth.

We know great allowances are to be made for organizations and temperaments; these are tyrants, seeking to place themselves above the reach of all law. Yet the will is somewhat of itself, and can be made yet greater; it is capable of modifying a temperament that would of itself produce nothing but crabs and thorns. Let that will be enlightened and refined; make it intelligent and tender; give it a sinewy strength under the guidance of the most delicate perceptions; and then set it vigorously to work unon the roots and branches, the roughnesses and rocks of the nature. In time it will make a deep and sure mark. Let it run a sub-soil plough down under the sour sods that have never yet been turned over to the light of the sun. Give it a chance to make the earth friable and mellow, so that the rains of heaven may penetrate and the sun may send in its genial beams. Set the entire mass to working, that all the nexious gases and sour odors may freely escape, and the fructifying qualities may be allowed fair play.

To change the simile,—the soul is a complete

world of itself. It may be all chaos at first .- a heaving, swelling, turbid, nebulous mass,-shape less, without light, obscured in the shadows,-but the act of creation rests with the individual alone. It is for each of us to say to his soul-" Let there be light,"-and light will surely descend out of every quarter of the heavens, million-eyed and beautiful. Then there are the subsequent ages of formation to go through: the combining, the solidifying, the slow and steady lifting of dry land out of the dark gulf of waters; then signs of life, low and indescribable at first,—the nameless reptile, the monster fish, the amphibious beasts, the fauna, the trees, grass, slopes and green meadows, the birds that sing in the branches, playful brooks and dashing waterfalls; the change is constant, the advancement steady, and the development complete. It is the process of the world's creation all over again; the geologic history has forshadowed it from beginning to end; but much is the work of time and patience, and much the work of the unquiet and expanding individual. The creation is not complete, however, until the law of germination and growth, of flux and reflux, of ebb and flow, of time and tide, and seasons.

Such a creation is, or is yet to be, the work o every one of us; it: may come sooner or later, but it will come, in this world or some other world. We are all to become final lords. We shall learn how to send showers that will fertilize the fields of the spirit, and we shall be able to roll away the clouds to let in the welcome sunshine again. Yet all under the sway of the Great Spirit; that central sun around which swings in noiseless harmony the countless worlds of the universe. They who can catch, in the faint twilight of this present existence, the dancing beams of that far-off sun, and make their little lives chorals of harmony here, shedding knew. In them lurks a demon or reposes an angol. A praclight freely again in their turn, are the ones that tised man will take language from the eyes, as at first hand are already nearest heaven; it is but a step for them to the sphere in which they are to move throughout the glorious hereafter.

#### HOW TO EDUCATE.

In the course of a discussion, several weeks ago, before the Educational Meeting held at the State House in this city, the Rev. Thomas Hill, of Wal tham, advanced some most excellent ideas respecting the proper mode of educating,-that is, of drawing out,-the youthful mind and nature, which deserve the serious thought of the reflecting portion of the community. It is a matter that is, at the the old Arab, who was the pride of the house and the favorite best, but little understood.

One great cause of failure in life he considered to be the mis-fitting of men to their posts. The first error in our education that led to this mis-fitting men, was that it was too limited. The faculties of the human soul are exceedingly varied; there is as night before, lest he should interrupt the happiness of the great a diversity of talents as there is of faces. The party, and now, as a last request, he summoned his visitors powers of the soul require to be tested. He did not believe in phrenology as a mode of determining what a child is fitted for. While he believed in the general truths of the art, (he could not call it a science.) he did not believe that sufficiently safe direction could be given from a phrenological examination of the child's head. The only way of testing the matter is by putting it before him. Place before his mind the whole round of trades and arts, that general reader. The grand old hymns of the Catholic comevery faculty may be sounded. We are not to allow a child to choose a business because it is convenient to place him in it at the time. Show him what can be done, and see for what he is best fitted.

It may be objected that in this way he will be come a smatterer, jack of-all-trades and master of none. This difficulty and all like it must be remedied by remodeling our whole system of education from the beginning. It is true that in whatever branch a man is educated, the better is he qualified to undertake any other branch. This was found true in the factories and workshops-that the men and women who had the most schooling were the most intelligent and valuable workmen. We want voted himself to severe studies upon the microscopic appearan education that will develop all a man's powers. And if our present system of high education tends, as is asserted,—to make men disgusted with common life, it is because the education is not conducted on a proper plan. What is wanted is an education of the senses, of the power of observation, as race, this work is opportunely presented to the people of the well as an education of the logical faculties, and of States. It is not an advertisement of quack nostrums, nor is the tastes. And in the culture of the tastes, he it objectionable as leading persons ignorant of medicines, to would have it a true education, leading men to admire not only that which has the name of classic, but whatever is beautiful in nature. He would have the earliest training of the child confined to real things. Let him study geometry before arithmetic, and become acquainted with forms; a child learns easiest in this way, for before it can talk it knows faces and a thousand things about it by their form. Another cause of failure in life is the artificial standard which we set up, of what is honorable and respectable in life. All callings are honorable, and men should rather consider whether they fill the places which they occupy. " Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

## MUSIC.

William Henry Fry, of New York, delivered a lecture on Music at the Tremont Temple, last Wednes day evening, which was a great treat to all who had the good fortune to listen to the speaker. He said that the culture of the voice would drive consumption out of existence. Music is the only art that is immaculate, the only language that is universal. All nature, the universe, is one entire song; it cov. ers all creation-has no beginning and no end, like God himself. The great men in history are those who have the most music in their hearts, like Milton and Shakspeare. The lecturer said that the American people do not know what is among them. Pearls and diamonds are scattered around, genius is running through the streets, but it is unrecognized, and gives place to names which come down to us with hair-powder endorsements from George the Third. He spoke particularly of the misappreciation of Mr. Stopel's "Hiawatha," which he welcomed as a work which any musician anywhere might afford to be proud of. As a special illustration of American indifference to native accomplishments, he alluded to the opening will speak at Portland, Mo., Sunday, May 1st. of the Crystal Palace in New York, where the honors, instead of resting with the men whose genius had contributed to its erection and adornment were showered upon others, who stood apart from the purposes of the occasion-mostly politicians; a principle worse than that which regulates affairs in Evening Star Hall, 00 Main street, Charlestown, on Sunday, the South Sea Islands, where the man who invents a new string to a bow is crowned with smiling public approval. Carrying the principle back, the speaker asked where were now the politics of Greece, which different persons are expected to speak, occupying fifteen like those of all the ancients had vanished, while minutes each, will be continued, at the same time and place. These meetings are free; collections, or otherwise, their art achievements would ever survive—the pring are taken for "material aid." The public are cordially inciple being, that States perish, while Art endures.

#### LECTURE BY RALPH W. EMERSON. Wednesday Evening, April 20th, 1859.

Mr. Emerson announced his subject this evening as "Manners-not what, but how," He said: Life expresses. The statue has no tengue, and needs none. Good tableaux need no explanation. The visible carriage and action of an individual result from his organization and his will combined.
There is always the best way of doing a thing—as there is of boiling an egg. We prefer to associate with those to whom we are attracted, and who chime with us. It is manner which makes us endurable to each other, and gets us out of the quadruped state, and stands us on end; which stifles

the base, and cultivates the generous. Manner is power; and the degree of nobleness is known by the manner. Consuclo taught the aristocracy manners from the stage, and the Grecian artists by their postured grace. Manners give a depth to frivolous society. Society is unbearable with rude persons-who pray undressed, contradict and discuss at the public table, and who, like terriers, deem it doing the honors of the house to bark each passer-by out of sight. The lecturer had, in his travels, seen a printed notice in the hotels at the West, to the effect that "No gentleman will be allowed at table without a coat!"

After Dickens had paid America a visit, he wrote a book ommenting severely on American manners and customs. work betrays its own harmony; until the lord of He would have done better to mend us by better examples. Manners are factitious, and grow out of custom. Great heads the new spiritual world can see and comprehend the show their title by the degree of homage they are willing to receive from others: A penetrating painter in England could tell the rank of his patrons by their manners alone-gentlemen from lords, and earls from dukes. When it was attempted to prove the young son of James III. a bastard, a painter defeated the testimony by pointing out such striking resemblances to both his parents, whose pictures he had nainted years before, that all doubts of his legitmacy were hushed. Nature and destiny are honest, and always hang out the right sign. A thorn bush can grow nothing but thorns, water it ever so much; and a rose-bush will always bear roses.

The tongue is not man's truth-teller so much as are his eyes. As soon as a man is off his centre, the eyes show it. The tongue may cheat and dissemble; the eyes never can. They speak truly of sorrow or unhappiness, health or disease; virtue or vice love or hatred. They are the true index of the soul. They speak all languages, which the tongue never Some eves threaten like a loaded pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you are afraid of falling into. It is a wide field of study we find in the few square inches of the human face. Yoses are as indicative as eyes; and a European savant maintains that the galt is equally a text of mind.

In society everybody is a policeman in citizens clothes. Vecessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. One of life's secrets is confidence in ourselves, and a knowledge of what and who we are.

A large part of the lecture was made up of anecdotes embellishing his theme. Dumas, who has lately returned home from the East, relates a touching story of Arab hospitality. The Europeans had been attracted toward the young son of with all. On the last night, the child was not with them, and on inquiring for him they were told he was asleep. The next morning, as they were preparing to go, the parent detained them, and told them that the day before, while playing with his mother, the child had fullen from the plazza, and been killed. The host had forborne speaking of it the

In conclusion, he said that manners must be the result of efinement and cultivated sensibilities, in order to be genuine; all else is frivolous and sickening.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HYMNS OF THE AGES.—This work is a very choice collection of hymns from Lyra Catholica, Germanica Apostollea, and other sources. Some of these hymne are met with in other modern publications, but most of them will be new to the munion, although most of us may be prejudiced against the church, are yet full of inspiration, the outpouring of Christian life. Rev. F. D. Huntington fumished the introduction to the volume before us, which is elegantly printed on slightly tinted paper, and handsomely bound and gilt. The mechanical execution is worthy of these soul-stirring old hymns. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

THE ABBOTT.-Another of the cheap series of Peterson's novels of Sir Walter Scott. Twenty-six volumes for five dellars, or twenty-five cents each. Received from Shepard Clark & Brown.

MOTHERS AND INFANTS, NURSES AND NURSING .- This is the title to a translation of a French work by Dr. Al Donne. The writer of this book was entrusted with the choice of a nurse for the infant Count of Paris by Louis Philippo. At a time when several nurses had been tried without success, he deances of the milk, and the results attained, and the success attending their application, gained for him the office of Inspector General of the Schools of Medicine in Paris. Every thing in the work appears to be useful to the mother in rearing her charge. As public attention seems to be fast drawing to reform in this particular, as one means of improving the against many works which treat upon the human system and medicine. Phillips, Sampson & Co., publishers, Boston.

THE HOME MELODIST .- A very neat little book, containing the music of soveral choice songs and ballads for the voice. Ditson & Co. publishers.

ONE HUNDRED BONGS OF IRELAND.—As its name significe this book is a collection of popular Irish melodies, and music for the voice; words under each song. From Ditson & Co., publishers, 277 Washington street, Boston.

THE ANTIQUARY.-No. 7 of Poterson's pamphlet edition of sir Walter Scott's novels, has been received by Shepard, Clark & Brown.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY .- The May number of this excellent periodical, which deservedly ranks as the first publication of its kind in this country, is before the public. We consider this number a very interesting one. We regret we have not space to copy the Professor's Talk at the Breakfast Table, on Theology, it is so interesting. We surmise that the landlady considers the Doctor Jier best boarder-if not in point of character, in that of profit-for who of us but would forget the luxuries of the table while listening to his sparkling wit and good sense? Liberal ideas, given forth in a judicious manner, must make the boarders forget their buckwheats. There's no telling the amount of provender saved by having a Professor at the Table.

## MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Mrs. Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Bedford on Thursday evening, 28th, and in Taunton, Sunday, May 1st. --- Mrs. H. M. Miller will speak in Conneaut, Ohio, May 1st. - Loring Moody will speak at Natick on Sunday, May 1st; and on Monday and Tuesday, May 2d and 3d. at South Natick. ---- Mrs A. M. Middlebrook, formerly Mrs. Henderson, will lecture at St. Louis every Sunday in May. Friends in the vicinity wishing to engage her services for week evenings, will address her in care of James H. Blood, Box 3391, P. O., St. Louis, Mo. - George Atkins will speak in Plymouth, May 1st. - II. A. Tucker will speak in South Easton on the first Sunday in May. - Warren Chase lectures at Chagrin Falls O., April 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and May 1st. - Mrs. H. F. M' Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editress of the Agitator, will lecture in Rochester, N. Y., May 1st. — Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Quincy, May 1st. -- F. L. Wadsworth speaks at Waltham, Mass., Sunday, May 1st. - Mrs. A. W. Sprague

Owing to a press of matter, we are obliged to omit our usual list of lecturers this week.

MEETINGS IN CHARLESTOWN. Mr. F. G. Bishop, lecturer on the Harmonial Philosophy, late from Washington and New York, will speak at the May 1st, at 2 1-2 and 7 P. M. Subject in the afternoon: The true character of Christ. Evening; The mission of Christ, as

connected with human destiny. Afterwards, until further notice, these meetings, fat which

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER. At Music Hall on Sunday last, prior to the discourse of Wendell Phillips, extracts from a latter from Rev. Theodore

Parker were read. The letter was directed to Francis Jackson, and was principally of a business nature, but the portions of it which were read were listened to with close attention by the congregation, which was unusually large. The letter was dated at Banta Cruz, March 21, and though Mr. Parker lid not directly describe the state of his health, he says, in describing the climate, that if the pure air there will not cure him, nothing else can.

He says the thermometer there stands at 70° above zero in he morning, 80° at noon, and 78° at sunset; and does not vary far from that at all at this season. He speaks of the air as so dry and clear, that he can easily see Porto Rico from Santa Cruz, although it is seventy-two miles distant.

A portion of the letter was devoted to a description of the effects of emancipation at that island, and Mr. Parker thinks that the large decrease in the produce of sugar is not necessarily an indication of a decrease of industrial energy, but that it is to be regarded as rather favorable to the theory of decrease by saying that it is caused by an increased attention to other pursuits, rather than a neglect of industrial interests.

#### LORING MOODY.

Loring Moody lectured at Charlestown Sunday, April 17th, afternoon and evening, and a correspondent informs us that the friends of free thought enjoyed a rare treat. We have not room to give the communication entire, but quote the last paragraph.

"It would be impossible, however, to do anything like justice to these lectures in a brief sketch. None can truly appreciate without hearing them. We understand Mr. Moody talks of quitting the lecture field for want of support. He has so far wholly trusted to voluntary contributions; and these have not been sufficient to meet the barest necessities of his family. We trust he will be enabled to keep the field, and would say to all friends of rational Spiritualism, give him a call; if you want the deep things of this new dispensation made plain and its mysteries unraveled, give him a

#### GENEROUS.

The various typographical societies in the States are in the habit of sending delegates to a Convention of the craft, which is held every year in some one of the large cities of the Union. This year Boston is selected as the place of meeting, and a grand meeting it bids fair to be. The following letter is a that further prosecutions at the South will be idle, expensive valuable hint to those who can afford it, to add their mite and vain. towards enabling the Boston Printers' Union to carry out their hospitalities on a scale worthy of the city of Boston, the Athens, &c.:-

Boston, April, 23, 1850.

Dean Sin—Having learned that it is the intention of the Boston Printers' Union" to extend to the members of the "National Typographical Union"—who are to meet in Convention in this city on the second day of May next—a cordinal welcome, we feel that we cannot let the opportunity pass without contributing somewhat towards making the occasion one long to be remembered by the delogates who will assemble here from all parts of the United States; and, in a cordance with the wish of our Board of Directors, pormit me to enclose a check for one hundred deliars, as a token of good will from this Company to you, and as a slight contribution to aid in showing your guests in the Convention the boat hospitalities of Boston.

Fraternally and sincerely yours,

Isaac T. Reed,

Agent S. P. Ruggles' Power Press Manufacturing Co.

H. W. Harrington, Esq.,

Chairman Committee of Arrangements. BOSTON, APRIL, 23, 1859.

#### WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THISP

DEAR BANNER—Here it is Thursday evening, and my paper has not come. I have to send to the post-office five or six times before I get it, and have ever since the removal of the Boston Post Office. Is if out of any particular regard they have for your paper, or what is the cause off it? I think so much of the paper I cannot wait patiently so long.

Saxonville, April 21, 1859.

B. Hill.

The Banner of Light is mailed to subscribers every Tuesday. All subscription copies are in the Boston office before 6 P. M., and any of our subscribers who do not receive it by the first mail to their towns, which leaves here after we deposit the paper in our office, will please to acquaint the postmaster of their town with the above fact, and ask him to institute inquiry as to the cause of delay. We have known of parties in country towns taking the paper to read, and not giving it to the regular subscriber until they had done so hese things are wrong, and the postmasters of inland towns hould see to it that they do not occur.

## BOUND VOLUMES.

We have had a few copies of Volumes 8 and 4 of the BANNER bound in suitable style to preserve. Price 23.

## SAMPLE COPIES.

We will send sample copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT. vhenever ordered, for distribution,

## THE HUMAN WILL.

Mr. BANNER-I am doubtful whether I should permit myself to triumph, even if I were conscious of a signal victory over my fair opponent, "Inquirer," in your columns. As far as I am competent to judge, she is (probably all "unconscious" to herself, and she will take me to de for saying it,) about to own up. She cannot adduce any proof of the statene has made; this she has confessed; and, now (woman-like) although she cannot make out her case by proving her averments, she still persists in repeating them, and this, too, while she declines (for reasons perfectly satisactory to hersell,) to submit to any reasonable test! Well, I am reminded of the proverb which forbids pouring water upon a drowned mouse. She is an excellent lady, I have no doubt, and, I do not find it in my heart to think the less favorably of her, that she should fall in comprehending some of

the difficult problems of psychology. But I must examine her excuse for declining a test. It is this: "That Mr. Sunderland's will is so powerful, that he could, and he would, prevent her success." And thus, while my fair opponent sneers at my "logic," she gives this as a specimen of her own. Only look at it! But, if Mr. Sunderland has so much power over you, as all this would amount to, how is it that he has not been able to control you by his will in all this controversy? Nor is this all. You could easily arrange the preliminaries for the test, so that no mortal could (oven if he would) influence you by his mere will. The test shall be such as your "spirit friends" will assent to: and. I do not even ask to be present with you, nor even to know when it is performed. Let me have an opportunity of making. nown to your associate spirits what the test is, (and it shall be one that you and they will agree to,) and then you may perform the test when I am not present, and when I could ot possibly control you against your own wishes. This is what I never did do, and, God being my helper, it is what I ship Junier, excites general interest, and various opinions are never would do even if I could. Nor is it of any avail for entertained relative to his singular statement, read to the 'Inquirer" to refer to what she calls "living witness." I confident that she never was controlled by the mere will of of his sentence, and it is hoped by the philanthropist that Mr. B., as I own that she has erred in what she has underaken to say about me. Hence her statements amount to Court. nothing, especially while she refuses to submit to a test, under circumstances which wholly obviate the force of hor objections. If she will only consent to test herself, (so to speak) I promise to keep away from her at the time, so that he and the spirits may have it all their own way! And what I ask, could be more fair than this? Why not test yourself, unless you are afraid, like the philosopher who doplined to look through Galileo's telescope, lest he should be onvinced of the truth i

Let me have an interview, and I will satisfy you in five minutes of a method by which you could test yourself, and he "spirits" whom you think control you by their will. Now I have my friend "Inquirer" in a narrow corner. Will she submit herself to a test, when all alone, with her "spirit riends," and, when no mortal is present, and no mortal but nerself knows of the time and the place? This obviates your fear of opposing wills that may control you.

I will not now undertake to show the utter fallacy of your notions in respect to the human will, when you speak as if Mr. Sunderland could, and would control you against your own wishes. The idea is absurd and mischievous. When I lectured in Salem, a few years ago, a woman came to me whom I had never seen before, and accused me of having conrolled her by my "will power" four years previously, and she said she had been bewitched by me ever since! Now what could I do in this case? For this poor deluded woman was just as sure that I had willed her to do certain things, four years before I had any knowledge of her, as "Inquirer" is, now that she has been controlled by my mere will, independent of her external senses. This Salem woman attended my lectures, and came on my platform with her eyes shut, and acted with my other subjects, and all this she did white I willed with all my might against it. I did not want her there, and begged of her to keep away; but she followed mo there, and begged of her to keep away; but she followed mo there, and begged of her to keep away; but she followed mo there, and begged of her to keep away; but she followed mo there and I had to apply to the mayor and the police to lowell, and I had to apply to the mayor and the police to she said she had been bewitched by me ever since! Now

get rid of her; and all this while she insisted upon it that I willed her to act as she did. Why, I have known hundreds of people to affirm that they were controlled by my will, when I know that they acted directly contrary to my will all the time. And I may now refer to "Inquirer," as a case in point; she now affirms that I can control her by my will, and I have been willing with all my power to induce her to retract her erroneous statements about me, and how well I have succeeded her last article will show!

Come, now, my friend, Miss "Inquirer," will you submit to the test I have proposed? Say yes or no-and privately if you wish-to the editor of this paper, who will arrange all the preliminaries to your entire satisfaction.

Boston, April 10, 1859. LA ROY BUNDERLAND.

# The Busy Morld.

23 Onr agricultural friends-and in fact all others-will do well to read the dissertation of Professor Mares, delivthe emancipationists than otherwise; and he explains this on the Progression of Primaries in Nature, Isomeric Com pounds, &c. It was reported expressely for the BANNER by one of the most expert phonographers in New York city.

Naw Stony .- We shall commence a thrilling story in our next, entitled, "Honoria, or the Spanish Doubloon." It will be concluded in two numbers.

Capt. Mowry arrived at Washington on Friday morning, 22d inst., with dispatches from our Consul at Guayamas, which he delivered to the Secretary of State. He represents the whole western section of Mexico to be in a wretched condition, and that American citizens and property are at the mercy of lawless and marauding bands, which now infest the

The Liquon Question.—It is stated that the decision of Judge Shaw in the Rockport liquor case, has been overruled by the full bench of Judges. The case will probably be reported upon in a few days.—Gloucester Telegraph.

The full bench have reached a decision, we understand, which will be announced by Judge Bigelow during the present term of the Supreme Court at Salom.

The Overland Mail of April 1st has arrived at St. Louis. Sixty-nine pounds of silver, the product of the Arizona mines. were brought by the coach.

· The Charleston Mercury says that the jury acquitted the men of the Echo slaver because they consider the foreign slave trade no more a crime than the demestic trade, and

Sunday being the 7th day of the feast of the Passover, the Jewish Synagogue here was crowded with devout worshipers of the Israelitish faith, who carried their Hebrew copies of

Punch says, "Kinder is the looking-glass than the wineglass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends."

THE ALLEGED FILLIBUSTER EXPEDITION TO OUBA .-- In regard to the rumors upon this subject, the New York Journal of Commerce says:

"Whatever truth there may be in these reports, it is a fact that the Spanish Consul at this port is considerably excited by them, and sent out warning despatches to the Governor General of Cuba by the last steamer. The Spanish Minister was also sufficiently alarmed to come on from Washington, and is now awaiting further intelligence in this city. It is impossible to prove that such an expedition has not sailed, but, considering the frequency of similar rumors, which have turned out to be groundless, we are disposed to receive this new one with a good many grains of allowance."

The skull of Ben Johnson, with a small bunch of red hair attached, was hunded round for examination by a party who ecently visited Westminster Abby.

A draft for \$10,000, as indemnity for the killing of a sailor on board the steamer Water Witch by a shot fired from a Paraguayan fort, has been paid into the U. S. Treasury. Two steamers from New York to England, on Saturday,

took over \$1,350,000 in specie.

Mr. George Perkins, engineer on the Eastern Railroad, was killed on Saturday morning last, by the giving way of Parker River bridge, between Newburyport and Rowley, the engine and five cars being precipitated into the river thereby. Mr P. was crushed beneath the ruins. Damage to the Railroad Company, \$2000.

THE PARAGUAY TREATY .- The New York Evening Post earns, by a private letter from a gentleman connected with the Paraguay expedition, that Lopez offered to indomnify the Navigation Company to the amount of \$240,000, and the money on the spot; but as the sum falls short of what was sked, the matter is referred to an arbitration, which is to be held in Washington, he appointing one arbitrator, our government another, and the two choosing a third.

TRAVELERS desirous of quiet, comfort and convenience. while in the city, will find their tastes gratified-not only in these particulars, but in regard to the inner man-at the National House, corner of Blackstone and Cross streets, (Haymarket Square.

MILITARY.—Among the possibilities and probabilities of the approaching military campaign, is an encampment in some contral place of all the militia in the State.

AMUSEMENTS .- The magnificent speciacle of " Faust," at the Boston Theatre, should be seen to be appreciated. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport had a benefit on Monday evening, when the "Merchant of Venice" and "Our American Cousin' was performed. — On Monday evening, an original New England comedy was put upon the boards of the Museum, ontitled, "Lord Timothy Dexter." It is a very funny affair, and will doubtless have a successful run. Mr. Warren appears as Lord Timothy, --- The Howard Athenmum was opened on Monday evening last by Mr. E. L. Davenport, with Pilgrim as his stage-manager. — The School street Opera House and Ordway Hall are well patronized by laughter-loving citizens, as they should be.

The case of Cyrus W. Plummer, who is to be lung on the 24th of June, for the murder of Capt. Archibald Mellen, of the Court on the day of his sentence. It is generally acknowlappen to know the parties to whom she refers, and I am as odged that the Judges showed too much haste in the matter Executive elemency will interfere with the sentence of the

A New England minister once remarked that his Sunday afternoon discourses were preached to about three bushels of baked beans; but discourses now-a-days are delivered to congregations composed of one part human, to about fifteen parts dry goods and millinory.

"Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" 'Cause that leatle man with a heap of hair on his face cotched hold of her and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'well. mako hastel''

The Home Journal says, "Miss Martha Haines Butt, the Virginia belle and bel'esprit, is now in New York," &c., &c. The name is not remantic, but as the Journal says she is an heiress, we dare say there is many a Sykesy in Getham who would be willing to take the Butt!

The Personal Liberty Bill in the New York Legislature received 55 votes to 44 against it, when it came up for final action. As it requires a majority of all the members elected to either house-65 in the Assembly-it did not pass. Ten more votes would have carried it. More than this number were absent, or dodged, who were known to favor the bill,

Judson Hutchinson.-George W. Bungay pays the following merited tribute to the memory of this sweet singer, from whom a message appeared in our paper last week. It has lately

People are getting sick of the Bickles trial at Washington, and the daily press is getting eicker, as it costs \$1000 per day

to transmit the details over the wires. AGENT .- We have authorized Mr. H. H. Waldo to act as

agent for the Bannen in the vicinity of Rockford, Ill. Good temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem of the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward ob-Jects; a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light and life to all within the sphere of its influence.

PRONOUNCING .- "La I ma, here's a heagle." Ma, (reproachfully)-"A heagle! Oh! you hignorant gal. Vy, it's a howl." Keeper of the menagerie - "Axes parding, mum, 'tis an

It is a double shame to a man to have inherited distinction from his ancestry, if he bequeath disgrace to his posterity.

When success makes a man better than he was before, he

must be a good man indeed. The gloomiest day hath gleams of light, The darkest wave hath bright foam near it, And twinkles through the cloudest night Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,
The sadest heart is not all sadess;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is nover quite despair,
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of Care,
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

An interesting fact concerning Branklin, Mass., is, that ther now exists in the town the identical library that Dr. Franklin gave to it, for adopting his name. He was asked to give a bell for the meeting-house; he preferred to give a library, as

the best standard books of the English language. "Adam," said a sagacious man, "showed much wisdom in giving names to the animals when they were brought to him But as for the hog, I think anybody would have known what

a bell had more sound than sense. Most of the hundred or

two books he gave are still preserved, and they are among

Bir Thomas Brown defines sleep to be Death's younger myself with him without saying my prayers."

it was, if he had not named it so."

Pride sleeps in a glided crown-Contentment in a cotton

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

# Banner of Night.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859

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#### THE DIVINE LIFE.

Abstract Report of a Lecture delivered by Mrs. Amanda

The life-principle in man first manifested itself as a pastine force—a selfish power, from which, in both the individnal and the race, it has been and is constantly tending toward the spiritual—the divine love. Affection is but another name for life. It is our loves and attractions which constitute our real being; and hence we are living either in the physical, the human life, or else in the spiritual, the divine life, according to the degree of unfolding of our loves.

We use the term, "divine," not as comparative to the character of some being outside of man; but simply as expressive of the superlative condition of humanity. New ideas, and new conceptions of things always domand new terms; because old terms have a set meaning, which spontaneously rises up in the general mind, whenever the old terms are used. To avoid calling up and sanctioning the one, we must cease to use the other. Hence we prefer the term, "divine," or "spiritual," to the term "Christian," as applicable to the same thing. For the same reason, we never use the term, "God," to express our conceptions of the omnipresent and omnipotent principles in nature; because the word, "God," has a fixed meaning in the dictionary and out of the diction ary, and, when spoken, invariably calls up before the mind a great man, with hands and feet, eyes, ears and mouth, or an ideal personality of some kind, which does not enter into our system of philosophy.

Man's intellect and his affections are two very difficult things; and hence the most toworing, gigantic intellect may have but little spiritual unfolding, while another may really have passed into the spiritual, the divine life, and still be but a child in intellect. Yet the intellectual may, and often does, put on the semblance—the outward form of the divinely unfolded-sometimes intentionally-sometimes unknowingly. Hence it is so difficult for those who look only to outward appearances, and judge by outward forms, to distinguish between tellectual man in the harness and armor of Christianity, but of the bearers. The medium had never been a theologia is truly adapted to work in either

even the external mockery of a divine life, which the mere human nature assumes for a selfish purpose, is, to us, an evidence of the deep powers within man, which constrain his human nature to bow before, and almost worship, that divine life which is his destiny. I know that theology assures us "that the gate is straight and the path is narrow"-that it is very difficult to be a Christian, or, in other words, to live a divine life. 'Tis all a mistake. The road is as broad as all humanity abreast, and the journey is most sweet and in-Yet it is hard, indeed, to be such a Christian as theology would fain have us be. 'Tis hard to wear any kind of barness and to carry any kind of armor that is unnatural. If the divine life consists in reading the Bible with a woeful countenance, blessing our food and saying our prayers with a long face, and going to church with our spirits clad in the external garb of awe and solemnity, when our very souls belie all this, and would, if they dare, run over with joy and hilarity, and freely join in dance ing, merriment and song; if this conflict-this crucifying of our better nature-is Christianity, or the divine life, then, in deed, it is a hard life, and we may well say, "straight is the gate and narrow is the path." None but the most dull. stunid and lugubrious part of mankind, can live such a life, or tread such a path. Humanity's poblest specimens-those with large, social faculties-those that are richly endowed with a spontaneous, overflowing wealth of soul, can never walk in such a narrow path-can never how their long spirits to such a yoke. They can never be Christians in this theological sense, and yet they may be better than that they may be spiritual-divine in all their loves and affections and honce in all their works.

The Christian-the divine man-must be looked for beneath the surface; and, in this deep searching, we often find the human nature in all its selfish passions and proponsities, where external appearances led us to expect the divine na ture. Look at that merchant; he is a member of the church he never lies, yet he magnifies one thousand per cent.; he does not swear, but his eye often flashes with bloody vengeance; he does not commit adultery, yet he is passion-incar nate, and his lusts riot in lascivious imaginings; in short, he is no open violator of the law, or of discipline, yet his loves are those of the human nature only. It is plain, then, he is not living the divine life.

The fond mother takes her child, at an early age, and tries to make him a Christian, according to the usual idea of a Christian. She teaches him to pray when he had better be romping and rolling over the floor with his equals. She rebukes him for singing, "Pop goes the weasel," and tells him to sing, "How tedious and tasteless the hours," and, in this way, endeavors to substitute an artificial life for a natural one. But while the mind is thus being trained, the affections are expanding-the loves are coming up to their adult state and by the time the child has reached maturity, the result is the intellect and the affections are antagonistic to each other; the intellect has learnt a form, and commands the affections to live a form, while the affections are spontaneous and demand a natural and spontaneous life. Hence the tiful doctrines of the lowly Jesus, and practicing bitter in great need and the imperative work of this age is to release the affections from the bondage of the intellect-to educate the intellect so that it may be a fit companion for the affect tional nature—to prepare the groom to meet the bride.

There is now many a noble spirit, sitting under the drop-

the false accusations of theology. At the midnight hour, the angel-world sees the silent tear steal down the cheek, and hears many a deep sigh ascend from those who feel the weight of their false education, and who plend for the sympathy of some one that understands them. They are alone; and humanity is alone, and isolated from humanity because of their false teachings. It sometimes happens, however, that a single whill of the spontaneous, spiritual elements finds its way into the pent-up cages of theology; and oh, how refreshing it is to the famished inmates to quaff a single breath of its inspiration; the windows are helsted, the doors are thrown wide open, divine life streams in, and fraternal love runs like a flood from soul to soul. The preachers call it a "revival;" but what matter what name is given it, when we know that the bars are let down, and fraternal love is turned loose? The formula used to be: "Are you a Methodist-then come to our meeting," or "are you a Presbyterian -then come to our meeting;" but the formula now is, "Aro you a member of the human family-then come to the Union Meetings."

But these occasional exhibitions of fraternal love are not lasting. They are the result of a powerful stimulation, reaching faculties which are deeply buried, and when the inspiration has swept by, fraternal love slumbers again, and theology throws its iron arms around humanity, and takes them to their prisons again, where they are no longer divine humanity, but Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists-each living an outward form in the hope of buying the kingdom of heaven. But the time will come when those deep divine loves of the human soul will expand till they reach the surface, and become not only humanity's drapery, but also humanity's spontaneous life; and the kingdom of heaven will be with every one-not because they have paid a price for it, but because they are living a life of divine principles. Then it will be seen that Christianity is not so hard to live, but that it is as easy to live as any other life-that it is not a system of crucifixion and self-denial, but a renovation-a natural shedding of the old man by the power of the newthat it is a free, spontaneous living of divine principles, not from choice, nor from policy, nor from any selfish consideration, but because those principles have become strong within us-so strong that our very being is an expression of them. and could not be otherwise, even though we should be taken upon the mountain's top, and have all the kingdoms of the earth offered to us as a temptation to induce us to prove false to them. This must come by a regular growth, just as the child be-

comes an adult by a rugular growth. It must come in its regular time and season. We cannot take a child and make a man or a woman of it, simply by making it act like a man or a woman, or repeat their thoughts. The child must be a brother, and says, "so like him, that I nover dare to trust child, and deal in childish joys and thoughts, and in due time the child will grow up to be an adult, and put away childish things. But if it is prevented from living its childlife, the loss is an irreparable one; it comes up to manhood. or womanhood, with an enfeebled, paleied, and imperfect mind, because it has not been permitted to live each phase of its life in its proper season. It is just so, correspondingly with the adult man. We cannot, by any mechanical means, lift him out of the human into the divine life. It is a thing of growth. We may pray over him; we may plunge him into the baptismal font; we may feed him on sacramental bread, and drench him with sacramental wine; we may teach him neither to steal, nor to murder, nor to defile his body; but unless he has grown into the divine life, his real life is human, and none of those things can change it. The human life precedes the divine in the order of growth; and as the child must live in his childish nature in order to shed it, so the human nature must be lived in order that it may be shed M. Spence, at Clinton Hall, on Tuesday, April 19th. and replaced by the divine. Thus humanity, while living in selfish plane to the fraternal. Thus we are all traveling on the broad road, and tending toward the divine. It is immaterial bow discord is thrown off; whether by scolding, or weeping, or praying to dumb gods—the result is good; the numan nature is shed, and the divine assumes the control of the individual and the race, and thus makes of this earth a kingdom of heaven.

> We have again to beg the indulgence of our readers who may be expecting No. 8 of the Old Spiritualist series. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak-so say we; and inability on account of indisposition must answer for our

# Philadelubia Correspondence.

## Lectures by Thomas Gales Forster.

DEAR BANNER-That worthy and eloquent expounder of spirit-truths. Thomas Gales Forster, addressed us again on the Sabbath morn—the controlling intelligence prefacing the discourse by a few remarks on the position of the medium, who, it was alleged by some, had been a theologian, and therefore capable of speaking upon the subjects he presented without the aid of spirit-control. It was alleged that the medium, in order to be entranced, held to his face his handkerchief co taining chloroform, and that he committed to nemory the discourses produced. As everything that could be said was brought forward against media, it mattered little whether they were believed to be controlled or not: the matter presented to the public mind is to be accepted for the the real spiritual Christian and the one who is only an in- truths contained, or rejected, if not appealing to the reason destitute of those internal loves-that real soul power which although his father had been a minister of the Unitarian church. In early life he had joined a Methodist church, but Humanity is moving, irresistably, all in the same great soon found he had not improved his associations, and he left channel towards the unfading glories of a divine life; and it, and returned to no church since. He had been a man of the world-anything else but a theologian.

He took for his text the 14th verse of the 7th chapter of Isalah—the passage on which so much stress has been laid as prophecy of the advent of Christ: "Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." And further, the prophet is said to have told the king, as a sign from God, that "before the child should know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land should be forsaken of both its kings," the land of Lyria and of Israel, both of whose rulers were warring against King Ahaz. And this prophecy was not fulfilled, for his enemies overcame Ahaz. If such a man as Isniah could mistake, or in attempting by clairvovant power to see too far, could give a prophecy that came not to pass, why denounce so loudly the mediums and seers of to-daywho, often surrounded by inharmonious conditions, attempted to give truth, and perhaps failed in some particular?

The mention of Zion's Hill in the second Psalm, which also is received as an allusion to Christ, meant the Castle of David built there, and the injunction to kiss the son alluded to the son of David, and was a laudation of that king, and not an injunction to do homage to Jesus, who never perse-

Other passages the medium cited to prove the contradictions of the writers in the Old and New Testament, and the non-fulfillment of their prophecies; the genealogy of Christ made him the son of Joseph, and yet the Bible says he was not his son. St. Matthew and St. Luke have only two names that are alike in tracing the generations of Christ, one leading to Abraham, the other to Adam, thus clearly proving contradictory and varied in their statements. Of the beautiful character of the Nazarene, the medium said, it was owing much to the harmonious development of his mother, and there was much of sacredness, truth and beauty, in the belief that exalted the mother, making her also divine. But the misfortune of the world has been the deliying of men in place of the worship of principles; the worship of Mary and of Jesus has taken the place of that of God; in hallowing them, the Father has been almost forgetten.

It was denied by some that man is progressive, and the superiority of ancient Greece and Rome is cited. But the beauty of Greece was a cold, material one; the famed Roman justice was for Itself only, and not for others; they are all excelled by the American mind of to-day, with its wide capacities, and free, broad range of thought. But while extend ing in every direction, commerce and enterprise characterize the American mind. Upon the theological platform there is no mention of progression, and mind and thought is fettered there: Salem, noted for its vast enterprising spirit, the first to send forth its ships to the distant lands, porsecuted with sectarian bitterness the poor mediums who there first gave the evidences of spirit-power. Even in this city not long since, a movement was started, that for a pecuniary compensation gave children a ticket for a seat at God's righ hand; and this amid the enlightenment of the present age Thus, theology has ever been the cramping influence, stifling aspiration and smothering free thought, preaching the beau tolerence.

The medium spoke of the Christ principle incarnate in every human soul; thus Confucius was beautiful, Zoroaster glorious, and many others besides the Nazarene. The terme anointed, emblematic of the ancient pricathood, was not conpings of the sanctuary, whose better nature rebels against fined to a chosen few, but all were God's anointed children

commissioned to do his will and work out a glorious destiny.

of law that they left the form during infancy and childhood; that the material casket should contain the spirit until it was matured and perfected. When little children died, they went into the arms of a guardian spirit, a second mother; but in order to gain the experience that earth alone can give, they were led by this guardian along the tortuous paths of earthlife; and from their parents they gathered the experiences, and drew as fully from the mother's spirit as if they were nourished from her bosom; what an incentive this is to goodness of life and purity of action, for we lead souls upward, or retard their progress. It has been brought against modern Spiritualism, that it leads to, and justifies suicide; but the algation is false. Spiritualism warns us not to go uncalled for to the other life, for of all sins that man can commit against himself, suicide, by slow or sudden process, is the direct of all. As it were, suspended between heaven and earth, the suicide stands, abashed, bewildered and wretched, finding himself uncalled for and unwelcomed. Much more the medium said that was true and beautiful; would that I could render justice to so much spirit-elequence and truth.

The evening's discourse was on "Origin of Evil." I would that it were given me to accurately lay before the numerous readers of the Banner that eloquent, most beautiful and varied cortraiture of God's love, and man's inherent good. The nedium said, that undoubtedly he would startle many by the ssertion that there was no positive evil in the world; but that all evil, so-called, was relative, and incidental to the progressive condition of humanity, the result of ignorance nisdirection, perverted organization, but not original ovil implanted in the soul, which was of God, pure and holy. Man had developed up from the rudest, coarsest forms of life, and was yet an infant, spiritually. Do we condemn the babe for the manifestations of infancy? Then let us not condemn man for the ignorance and angularities appertaining to that po-ried. The teachings of theology, the dectrine of innate depravity, had cramped the aspirations, the efforts of man; teach him that he is innately good, and naturally pure; that if he violates organic law, the natural and inevitable consequences follow in the necessary infliction of sorrow and suffering; that to live in obedience to God's moral and physical laws, is happiness, affd man will arouse from his torpor, and live the true life that God designed.

The medium related the story of the Creation, as told in the Jewish Talmud, the Mahommedan version of the Oreation and the disobedience of man, all bearing resemblance to the allegory of Edon, believed in by the Christian world, all absurd and derogatory to the reason of the present age.

Man was the origin of ovll, and not God, for man created evil in his ignorance, and is working his redemption by sorrow and suffering; and we who would aspire, and rise to highe platforms of thought, and strength, and goodness; we should pen wide our doors and our hearts, even to the lowest and nost deprayed. What i sit in our churches, velvet-cushioned and tapestried, and gilded as they are, by the side of the prostitute or the incbriate? Even as Jesus did, so should we, for ne took the sinful Magdalen by the hand, saying: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more!" And to do this we must expect to be reviled, as he was, for sitting with publcans and sinners; and never shall we progress, and be truly Spiritualists, until we attain to this plane of sympathy, and broad and universal charity, eschewing the condemnations of the world, bringing not forward the past to arraign any man or woman, but saying to all, as the angels do, "Give me thy hand, my brother or my sister, and come up higher. Many are perishing for the want of spiritual life-preservers; help such, and the very waves that buoy them up will be en dowed with power to strengthen thee, even through the very

No man is so deprayed, but somewhere, deep down in hi soul, is the God-principle of love and sympathy. Children, f generated aright, would not display the augularities and perverted dispositions that trouble so many parents' hearts; but if you indulge in whiskey, tobacco, and other unfit things, rest assured your children will bear the impress; be part tobacco, part whiskey, and display all the incongruities that make life inharmonious. He spoke of the relation of the sexes, of the separation of boys and girls in our schools, of the impure fear implanted in the minds of each towards the other. "Let your children be together," he said, "for they will be together in Heaven!" and by the proper association of the sexes, purity and confidence would ensue, where now all was wrong and distrust. Alluding again to the dectrine of original depravity, he said no mother, looking upon the baby at her bosom, believed that she was nursing a little devil. He enjoined upon Spiritualists the cultivation of the affectional nature, the exercise of charity, the laying aside of condemnation and the assumption of judgment. The lecture was grand and elevating, instructive, and fully imbued with the spirit of the loving Nazarene.

Yours for truth, Philadelphia, April 18, 1850.

[Reported for the Banner of Light, ] PRESENT.

## Lecture by Henry C. Wright.

A lecture on this subject was delivered at the Melodeon Boston, on Sunday evening, April 17th, by Henry C. Wright. The lecturer announced as his text-"God manifest in the

By "the dead past" he meant the men and women who By "the dead past" he meint the men and women who have lived, but who, as corporeal men and women have ceased to be. They have no wants that we can supply; we, no physical wants that they can supply. By the living present, he meant the souls of living, tangible men and women, with wants that we can supply; and also the incorporeal souls of the men and women of the past, as really present now, even in the lecture-room, as ever in their visible life on early.

A reverence for the past appears universal; but very, very ften, at least, those who are most solicitous and d

often, at 1 ast, those who are most solicitous and devoted in their reverence for the dead past, are the very persons who show the least regard for the principles which those whom they reverence lived and taught.

We should suppose that men would reverence most that which has the most control over their character and deatiny. The saviours of the past were those who did most good to the people of their own age; the true saviours of the world, in the highest sense, to whom we should pay our deepest reverence, are those who do most to form the character and destiny of correctes.

The men and women of the living present always influence

one, are those who do most to form the character and destiny of ourselves.

The men and women of the living present always influence each other most in the relations that are most intimate; and of all human relations the most intimate, and therefore the most potent, to save or destry, is that of husband and wife. Schools, colleges, governments, charches, all the influences that bear upon us, do less to shape our character and destiny than true and natural marriage. What, then, is the nature and basis of that relation? how is it formed? what are its appropriate and natural manifestations? and what its results? These topics will, in the future, constitute the great questions of the world, paramount to all, questions of politics, of currency, of commerce, and of religion, so-called. The poetry, the oratory, the literature, the religion of the world, are of moment only as they help us to a knowledge of ourselves, and teach us how to enter into true relations, and to live truly in those relations. Redemption, salvation, heaven, eternal life, can be found only in the natural relations of living men and women. All affection and reverence for the dead past are but as tinkling brass and a sounding cymbal, while we live in false relations to those about us.

The relation of husband and wife includes all that is included in friendship, and a great deal more. For a man and woman to attempt practically to comprise in friendship, or in animalism, all that is included in the term marrimony, must bring damnation to their own souls, and a dreadful inheritance to their posterity. The personal intimacies that belong to marriage lose their sacredness and their power to redeem and ennoble, and become repulsive and disgusting, when attempted on the plane of friendship. The relation consists in a love that merges each in the other, that knows no fear, no mistrust, no jealousy, for though Jealousy may consist with passioh, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot with love, which is always selfish and distrustful, it cannot

exclaim, "Why, Mr. President, I should leave my wife tocommissioned to do his will and work out a glorious destiny, in connection with the custom of affixing the term Christ to the name of Jesus, he related an annusing incident. A printer, finding the line too short to admit of the full name, arranged it so that it read thus: the Lord J. Christ. The character of Jesus was beautifully harmonious owing to hits favorable physical surroundings and mental influences; as in a household in Acotland, in which the fecturer was visiting, where, when the husband demurred to loving example be was divine in the cultivation and manifestations of his spirituality—divine as humanity may all become.

The iccturer spoke of little children, that it was in violation of law that they left the form during infancy and childhood:

for the convaniences of this life; no an got the coal? It was not to a marriage like this that the remarks of the lecturer were meant to apply, but to the high, pure, hely union springing from connublat love.

What are its manifestations? All the manifestations of friendship belong to matrinony; but connublat love seeks to manifest itself in ways that friendship would never permit. The desire of offspring would naturally originate in marriage; the relation of husband and wife expresses itself in a thousand beautiful forms which could never be held on any other basis, without a desceration of all that is pure and sacred in the nature of man and woman.

What are the results? The true sources of our character and happiness are like the little springs and rivulets and ponds in the Rocky and the Alleghany Mountains, in which originates the mighty Eather of Waters. The sanctuaries of our homes, those nurseries of immortality where God delights to dwell—these are the fountains of the great river of life. It is not the acts of Congress—not the legislation of a few men assembled in yonder State House—not our governors and governments, our priests, and politicians, and churches, that give us character and principles, but the numberless expressions of affection, the sweet carcesses and intimacles of the hely of holies of our homes, that give life to the soul, and shape the destinics of the race. Could we know and feel this to be true, how godlike would those relations become!

The lecturer once heard one of America's noblest women,

commences, time give us cirareter and principles, but the numberless expressions of affection, the sweet careases and intimacles of the holy of holies of our homes, that give life to the soul, and shape the destinies of the race. Could we know and feel this to be true, how godlike would those relations become?

The lecturer once heard one of America's noblest women, living in the relation of wife and mother, break out, from the depths of her soul, in this strain: "Husband, home, child? Those three words, how significant they are to me! My heart hallows them." How contemptible, compared with these, the words Governor, President, King—the drop in the bucket, the bubbles on the ocean of life!

"Oh," the same woman said, "I long for a flesh and blood God, whose careases and endearments I can feel, in whose bosom I can rest my heart and my head forever!" There spoke the true woman, the true wife, the true mother; and man may reciprocate, and utter the same. Is it possible that we can hold a relation to any man or woman of the dead past, that can control our thoughts, our feelings, our destiny, like those relations with the living present? Talk to a man of a Saviour in the past! Why, his saviour stands by his side, holds him by the hand, imprints on his lips that sacred pledge of her love, the kiss of a pure and loving wife. Admit that those who lived in the day of Jesus of Nazareth saw the manifest with the living present? The only possible way in which the relation of husband and wife can ever be consecrated, is to have us look upon it in connection with the redemption of their souls,. "Have you experienced religion?"—how often have we heard that expression. And when it is used, all look over their shoulders, away lack into the dead past. It would seem, judging from the prenching of all denominations of Christendom, that God had made a mistake when he put the eyes of man in the front of his head, that he might look backward, and not forward. The husband many say to the wife, and the wife is the head, it has been a

of themselves.

Spiritualism is to regenerate the world in its views on this

spiritualism is to regenerate the word in its views of this question. If we look at marriage from the stand-point of sensualism, we must perfsh. We must view it from that of Spiritualism—appeal to the God in our husband or wife, and not to the animal. These are the only views that will make this relation a saviour of life unto life, rather than of death water death.

#### [Reported for the Banner of Light.] LECTURE BY MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON.

## Sunday Afternoon, April 24th, 1859.

After the choir had sung an appropriate hymn, the lecuress announced that she should consider the subject of Natural and Scientific Religion."

She said that nature, aside from all creeds, dogmas, and churches, taught a purer religion than they ever have. What man, woman or child has not listened to the voice of nature, in all her mute appeals to their higher consciousness? The church has given credence to the doctrine of fanate cvil, and church has given credence to the doctrine of Innate cvil, and total depravity; yet in the child we find nothing to warrant such a belief. In the child we find innocence, love, truth and purity, and it is only when education is given to it, that it learns the sins and follies which attach to the grown up man. He is by nature pure; by education deflied. The child is the only true monarch in the world, and the world ever listens to its voice, and heeds its authority—the world of human kind cherishes the little child, and the world of nature ministers to its happiness. The child is a diguerrectype of Gol. Truth seems to be what it seeks for most, and bitter is the feeling when it is imposed upon, and deceived. When the child does wrong, he is learned to; it is not intuitioned.

antoned.

Nature gives the l'e to popular theories. She is consistent with herself; they never are. The sacred records, you will hind, are the plaything of theorists and philosophisers, and no two give them the same interpretation, but twist and dis-

no two give them the same interpretation, but twist and distort them to suit any emorgency.

Selence, with its thousand fingers, has picked over this chained-to-be inspired word of God, and tells us that nature, instead of being a six-day's creation, never had a beginning. Worship for old things is, by advanced minds, no longer law. The religion of this age must be one of fact, and not of mystery and assumption. The religion of nature sees the fitness of all things; the religious ignes fatuus the world has chased for years, understands not the great economy of heavenly wisdom, and so dooms the brother to an imagined hell, and treads down God's lowly children, who have fallen when temptation assailed them too strongly. This was not a religion based on the goodness and purity of the Christ-principle, but on the fact of his external existence, and which, by virtue of its own composition, must degenerate into a ciple, but on the fact of his external existence, and which, by virtue of its own composition, must degenerate into a selfish and sensual service. Assent to a few enigmate dogmas is all that is required in this religion—no matter whether on initiate his example or not; if you only receive the fact of his existence, to promise to entertain a series of theological tenets, which wise men try to trace back to him. It claims to be based on God's maintable word, which, yet, is an enigma to all.

to all.
Yet the book of nature is open for all to read. Her bounties are not one, but for all. She drops the same rain, and sends forth the same sunshine, flowers and blessings for the rightcous and the sinful; the pure and the unclean. Science righteous and the santu; the pure and the unctean. Science has done more good for mankind than religion ever has, for while science demonstrates truth and intelligence, it has been the province of religion to stiffe man's better nature with ignorance and superstition, and it has led men and women to distrust each other, and doubt the native goodness of human kind.

The fact that men and women are intelligent to-day is to be attributed only to nature; and the religion they clamor for is one founded on intelligence and science. You are to

for is one founded on intelligence and science. You are to work out your own salvation,—not get to it by virtue of a belief. This has has been a sad mistake of Christianity. Religion has its gods and its idola and just so long as you adore them without knowlidg why, you are slaves.

It is an inavitable consequence, that out of old decay, comes now results; and newness of religious life and purity w.ll spring up from the decay of rotten forms and lifeless creeds. Men are not the owners of evidence, but the subjects of it; and when men and women read the falsehoods of old religion, their subjection to that testimony leads them to search out the truef and latter. Science must add her portion to the general advancement of to-day, and will conduct religion forth to ignore the old and install the new. The Church is to day being remodelled to suit the growth and de-Church is to day being remodelled to suit the growth and de-

by love, is the true relation, the union of soul its basis. What makes man a husband, and woman a wife? Nota corromony, not a statute. What man or woman that has not felt their heart thrilled with joy unspeakable and full of glory, when they have heard the words, thou art mine? To own and to be owned is the sum of the matter; but this ownership is unlike that of the slaveholder, for we want to own our owner. There is no oppression where the ownership is thus mutual; and we can thus own but one. No man or woman has the capacity to own more; there is not enough of any to be owned by more than one. This fact settles, at once, the whole question of Free Love. What is the deepest want of the human soul? To the man, one woman, as a wife—to the woman, one man, as a husband, Give these and there is no suffering no danger that can appail the brave, loving heart of either. Between such a relation and non-created only by positive law, the difference is as wide as possible.

The success of Spiritualism is not because it is an ism, but because of the fact it decined he spirituals is not because it is actioned the religious superstructure of to-day, but because it he detined to revolutionize the whole superstructure of to-day, but because it is actioned to religious superstructure of to-day, but because it is destined to revolutionize the whole set; not because it is strong in the spot where theology is weak-est; not because it is destined to revolutionize the whole ones, not because it is strong in the spot where theology is weak-est; not because it is destined to revolutionize the whole est; not because it is strong in the spot where theology is weak-est; not because it is destined to revolutionize the whole ones; not because it is destined to revolutionize the whole ose; because it is destined to revolutionize the whole ose; because it is destined to revolutionize the whole ose; because it is at one.

The success of Spiritualism is not because it is an ison, but it is possible as the because of the fact is decined in Figu velopment of the human race.

The success of Spiritualism is not because it is an ism, but

# Scientific.

[Reported for the Banner of Light, by Andrew J. Graham.] THE PROGRESSION OF PRIMARIES IN NATURE, ISOMERIC COMPOUNDS, &c.

An Address delivered before the Philosophical Society of New York, on Thursday Evening, April 14.

DY PROFESSOR J. J. MAPES.

You are aware, doubtless, that' there are many substances in nature which do not exhibit properties in one condition which seem to belong to them in another, even where there is no change in their composition. The crushed rose, for instance, has no smell like that of the rose. The colors of leaves change rapidly with drying, provided you do not disturb the organism; but if you crush any of the ordinary plants usually dried for use, so as to break up their arrangement, they may be dried and rotain their original color much more fully than if that treatment is not pursued, and they flavor, the edor, will also be much more like that of the green herb, as thyme or sage. It is a curious fact that the rose-leaf, if slightly crushed, and passed betweef rollers, so as to disturb the surface, may be dried without undergoing any material change. Now, the cause for all this is not at all understood.

I wish to make this broad assertion, and then attempt to quote such instances as you are familiar with, to prove it,

namely:—
That every substance in nature, as it is taken up in organic life, undergoes a change which neither the laboratory nor the microscope is cognizant of. Analysis will not show it, nor will any microscopie examination discover it. I will repeat the proposition. There are many substances in nature, indeed every substance in nature, which, in being taken up in organic life, and passing through the progressive conditions through which they pass before reaching man, undergo changes or conditions which the chemist cannot possibly ascertain, and exhibit functions which, in the lower scale of nature, they do not possess.

certain, and exhibit functions which, in the lower scale of nature, they do not-possess.

I will say, as a peculiar instance of this, that potash, separated from the feldspar rock in such a manner that the chemist should pronounce it to be pure potash, will not have the qualities in organic life that the potash has, when taken from higher sources in nature, say from the ashes of plants, I will add, that if potash be separated from the feldspar rock, it cannot be assimilated by any animal, particularly by man, although it may be assimilated by some of the lower orders of plants, but if taken from the higher orders of plants, it may be assimilated by any other organism. One grain of potash, soparated from the ashes of a double rose, will fertilize more potash plants than will one pound of potash from the ashes of wood, or one thousand pounds of potash separated from the feldspar rock, and so treated as to be pronounced by the chemist pure potash.

of wood, or one thousand pounds of potash separated from the feldspar rock, and so treated as to be pronounced by the chemist pure potash.

I cannot answer, of course, as to the applicableness of this truth to materia medica. It is a subject of which I know little; but I do know that in the fertilization of plants it is highly necessary that this subject should be understood, for it marks the line very distinctly between failure and success. It is not difficult to find substances required as fertilizing materials, as, wastages, separated from a higher class of organisms, of use to the farmer; while the same substances, taken from lower sources in nature, are of no use. That I may be more clearly understood let us suppose a case. The chemist makes an analysis of a specimen of soil, and the farmer looks over this analysis to find what his soil contains; at the same time he looks over the qualities of the crops he wishes to grow. He compares them, and supposes, when he finds the deficiencies of his soil as compared with the analysis of his crops, that he then knows not only what he requires, but semething in relation to the quantity. Unfortunately the analysis made by the chemist is not of that portion of the soil in a progressed condition—is not of that portion only which has been in organic life before, and which, by the decay of the organism, either plant or animal, has returned to the soil in a progressed condition, capable of being taken up by a higher organism; but it is the analysis of the entire specimen of the soil sent. Thus the chemist presents the farmer, as a guide, the analysis of that soil for all time—an analysis of overything which will be yielded up from now to oternity, if you please, after it had been in organic life, and returned to the soil—all of which is no use to the farmer, for, all that his plants can use is that portion of the soil which has been in organic life before, and may be so appropriated returned to the solitant of Which is house of the soli which has been in organic life before, and may be so appropriated

again.
We often hear that to the superior skill of the gardener we owe many new plants. Not so. Our forefathers had to be contented with kale, and then with cabbage; they could not have cauliflowers; for the soil had not progressed sufficiently to furnish the raw materials out of which nature's laws can make cauliflowers; for although by analysis they may contain the same constituents that are to be found in the cabuain the same constituents that are to be found in the cab-bage or kale, still it is not in the same condition; and until it had been a cabbage, or something analogous to it in the scale of progression, and, by decay, returned to the soil, it could not furnish pabulum to that higher class of plants, the cauliflower. This is true throughout plant-life. In the first place we have in nature sixty-four primaries, of whice everything is composed. Analyze what you will, from a man down to any of the more simple rocks, and you find one or more of these sixty-four primaries, and nothing except

Now I claim, and I think I can establish it without experi-

them.

Now I claim, and I think I can establish it without experiment, by merely calling your attention to such things as you have previously thought of. Every one of those sixty-four primaries has accompanying it a logos, or law, which enables it to follow what we call natural inw-perhaps furnishes the law itself. Let us look at a few of these primaries, at the ordinary cases where we find they do undergo changes which cannot be detected by analysis.

The iron of an ordinary horse-shoe nail, we find, obtains functions higher than any to be found in iron which has never been so often manipolated, though of that very class or kind of iron which the blacksmith would select for such a purpose. We find occasionally standing in a blacksmith's shop a piece of iron just such as he has been more recently buying, but which he will not make use of. If you ask him why, he will tail you that the life is out of it; if I heat it and strike it, it will fly to pieces; I cannot work it; but on some subsequent day I take it up and find the life in it, when it will work well. Now, here are changes that every practical man knows; yet the chemist cannot tell what it is that effects them. We there analyzed Monday or Wednesday, the composition is alike. osition is alike.

We find that the ultimate particles of matter are never in a state of rest to each other. The barber tells us that the razer gets tired of shaving. When we examine it with a solar microscope, we can see that from being strapped by the a sale of cost of shaving. When we examine it with a solar microscope, we can see that from being strapped by the same hand, the fibres of the edge are combed in one direction, so that when a single hair comes against the edge, the fibre folds in and makes a gap. But the barber lays it by a month, and finds that it shaves well. Then examine it by a solar microscope, and you will find that the fibres are knitted like a saw. It will then cut, and is capable of being used. This is true; it is no loke, no dream. We know that an old casting when broken is beautifully crystalized, while the new one is morely a gray mass; showing that the particles have changed place. I claim that those particles are not acted upon by a will-force of some body outside of it, but that the law controlling it is inherent in itself; and that this intelligence does exist in matter. And however separately we may vlow it, the fact is still there, that it is capable of obeying law, and nothing it at you can do can prevent its action. It passes all through nature with every one of those sixty our primaries; and every particle of potash that has ever been separated from the fedspar rock during all time, has goed on passing through organic life. We can see it going on at this very moment of time. You go to the mountain side, and in the fresh debris which has never borne plants before, you find lichens and mosses growing, and nothing more progressed than these plants. They take up from the freshly debridded rocks certain of these ingredients, and among them potash, which they redeposit in the soil when they decay to be appropriated by higher classes of plants; and until that is so progressed, the higher classes of plants cannot grow there; when it has entered such higher plants, they in turn render up their potash, ready to enter a still higher class of plants. Thus we are going on, and every year new plants are being developed which were never before heard of. And wherever flus we are going on, and every year new plants are leveloped which were never before heard of. And wh

developed which were never before heard of. And wherever the greatest amount of vegetation is created and passed back to the soil, through the different methods we know of, after its return a larger amount may be grown, and of better quality, and the soil will be capable of sustaining a higher class of plants, and then a higher class of animals.

There was a tipo when the whole surface of the earth had not that sort-of vegetable growth that was sufficiently capable of sustaining that class of animals which fossil geology tells us of, as belonging to that period. Man could not then have existed, for the primaries of the soil had not become sufficiently progressed to produce a food, the constituents of which, by digestion, could have been assimilated by his organism, and, therefore, man was not. Now I do not pretend to make a theological question of this in any way, and only treat it, so far as we may view it directly, as a scientific question.

to make a theological question of this in any way, and only treat it, so far as we may view it directly, as a scientific question.

I claim now that what I have asserted and am about to assert, I have proved in practice—empirically proved. I will quote some instances that you will clearly understand; and perhaps at this stage I had better refer to the subject of isomerism. The chemist tells us that Parlan marble is carbonate of lime—carbonic asid and lime—and the purer specimens nothing clase but there two ingredients.

They also tell us that common chalk is carbonate of lime; that these two things are precisely alike in their constitues outs; that they only differ in condition. Well, you ask the chemist whether the grinding the Parlan marble until it becomes impalpable to the touch will give it the properties of chalk, and he will answer, yes; but those practically engaged in the arts know better. For instance, you may swallow as much ground marble as you like, and you cannot cure a heart-burn; and still you all know that a very little piece of chalk will effect a cure. You may apply any amount or ground marble to plants requiring carbonate of lime, and it will not increase their growth, though it will increase the growth of lichens and musses and lower orders of plants, and until the carbonate of lime has passed through these organisms it cannot feed this higher class of plants. Is it so with chalk? Don't we all know it is not so? We may take our limestone and heat it to reduces, and drive out all the water and carbonate neid, and make a caustic lime. Expose it one or two years to the atmosphere, and it will take up carbonate acid and become carbonate of lime. Let the Westchester fariner put two or three though the selection of the depth of twelve inches. Go to England and you will flud some claik farms, which contain not only two per cent, of carbonate of lime, out fifty or skyly per cent. The plains of Atheus by analysis inches. Go to England and you will find some chalk farms, which contain not only two per cent. of carbonate of lime, out finy or sixty per cent. The plains of Athens by analysis contain forty per cent. of carbonate of lime. Are they storile? Plants grow there as well as anywhere on the carth. The chemist, if he analyzes the chalks of England, will tell CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

## The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Bannen, we claim

Each article in this department of the Bannen, we claim was given by the spirit whose mame it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Comant, Traice Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their early life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than rinking beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to morials.

We ask the reader to receive no decirine put forth by spirits, at these columns, that does not comport with his reason, Each ean speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions morely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at HALF-PAST TWO; they are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to complete usually attended. to remain until dismissed.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

March 20—James Adams (Lowell), Bridget Quinn, John Philbrick (Ryc, N. H.), William Prescott, Joshua Heath, March 23—George Weston (actor), Dr. Paris B. Brown, Adat Ruth, Jerusia Beck (Newcastie Me.), Harvey Turner. March 29—John King, Charles Willington Christian (England), William Wilson (sallor), Charley Young, To Viselo. March 30—Nathaniel Norton (New Bedford) Solomon Townsond (Providence). Robert Foster, Freddy (to Annt Wells) March 30—Nathaniel Norton (New Bedford) Solomon Towsond (Providence), Robert Foster, Freddy (to Aunt Wells.)

amren 30—Rathaniel Norton (New Bedfort) Solomon Townsend (Providence), Robert Foster, Freddy (to Aunt Wells.)
March 31—Peter Goode (Boston), Lorenzo Dow, Clara Augusta Stavons (Cincinnati), Bill Poole (New York).

April 1—Larkin Moore, Charles Todd (Boston), Patrick McGlinnis (Dublin), Lightfoot.

April 2—William Chapin (seaman), William Hamilton (Boston), John Wesley (to George Stockbridge), Mary Elizabeth Hamilton (La.), Patrick Murphy (Dover).

April 4—Eben Clark (Tuftonboro', N. H.), William Harrison (Thomaston, Mo.), Charles II. Barton (Wallingford, England), Don Juan Luvadio (Castile), Margaret Stevens (N. Y.), William Campbell (Block Island), Mary Janc Lefavor (N. X.), Charles II. Jackman (to brother Ben)

April 5—Thomas Harrian (Boston), William Downing, (to Ches. Brown), Charles Spence (to J. S.), Thomas Shapleligh (Albany), Samuel Noyes (Boston).

April 6—Charles French (dumb), Peter Smith (Hartford, April 6—Charles French (dumb), Peter Smith (Hartford, M. D.

April 8—Gerdiner Bannett, Boston), Samuel Garland, Lorence Coulter, M. D.

April 8—Gerdiner Bannett, Boston, Samuel Garland, Lorence Coulter, M. D.

April 8—Gardner Bennett, Boston; Samuel Garland; Jere-migh Williams, Reston, John Borrow, Giller College, Samuel Carland; Jere-migh Williams.

April 8—Gardner Bennett, Boston; Samuel Garland; Joremiah Williams, Boston; John Rogers Clinton, New York;
Ellen Maria Chetwood, Albany,
April 9—Joseph Greendell, N. Bedford; Henry Adams, to
his brother; Joshua Houston.
April 12—Henry Wendall, Groton, N. H.; Robert Stone;
Dea. John Gould, Hanover, N. H.; Emma Clark, Portland;
Benjamin Hackhurst, Philadelphia; Edward Haskins, Now
Orleans.

April 18—George Henry Henderson, Johnstown, Vt.; Rev.

April 13—George Henry Henderson, Johnstown, Vt.; Rov. Frederick T. Gray, Boston; Mrs. C. Hemans, to Holen Vandoult, Richmond, Va.; Philip Banley.

April 14—Waupekesuck; Wm. R. Goodall, to Chas. Alliston; To Thomas Ellinwood, New York; Joslah Graham, Illinois; Evelyn Lowis, Boston; John Howard.

April 15—Alexandor Tibbetts; Robert Earle; Joel Nason, Boston; Laura Davis, Troy, N. Y.; Abby Ann, to a visitor.

April 10—John Eckhart, N. York; Lomuel Mason, Springfield, Mass.; Samuel Templeton, to Mother in Troy.

April 18—Charles Jones, Chespeake Cliy; Martha Jarvis, Boston; Benjamin Harlem, Brocklyn, N. Y.; Dan. Gilbons, New York; Timothy Gilo, preacher.

April 19—Calvin Somers, seaman; Mahala Davis, Ashland;

New York; Timothy Gile, preacher.
April 19—Calvin Sourers, scannan; Mahala Davis, Ashland;
Joshua Caldwell, Boston; Patrick Murphy, Dover; James
G. Hammond, to Margaret Hammond.
April 20—Dr. George U. Stone, Dracut; Nathaniel Hadley;
Richard Loveus, Troy; George Washington Furbush, to William.

#### Samuel Phillips.

Why do I come back to earth to commune at so late an hour? The a long time since I spoke through a mortal form. But there have been seasons throughout that time when I have been very anxious to speak once again on earth. But whom shall I come to? who will know me? I have no near relations on earth; distant kindred alone remain. I have remained in darkness quite long enough, and I return, desiring to know the right path.

mained in darkness quite long enough, and I return, desiring to know the right path.

I died in Boston, in the year 1725. My name was Samuel Phillips; I was the keeper of a book-shop at 80 King street; I was a member of the Christian church, and died white in good standing with the church, and died supposing I should find a heaven; but I find nothing I thought to, and so, after so many years, I come back to inquire the way to heaven. It is now five years since I have been learning how to speak through a mortal form. What good will result from my learning to come, God alone knowe—I do not.

I am constantly in fear of a terrible future; I am looking for a second death; I can't believe I am in reality dead to the world. I believe, if I had really left the mortal, I should long ere this have been permitted to gaze upon the face of

for a second death; I can't believe I am in reality dead to the world. I believe, if I had really left the mortal, I should long ere this have been permitted to gaze upon the face of our Saylour.

I hear great light is flooding the earth. If so, they can readily spare a little to a wanderer in darkness. I feel sad and joyous in coming here to-day, for I find mysoff but a short distance from the place I used to worship. Some called it the Now England Christian Church.

I was told I must furnish myself with a few facts before I came to you. I have done the best I could; but I suppose I have not done as well as you will expect I might have done. I have met with none of my friends since I have been here; I cannot tell why. I sometimes think I have been set upart from all, for the judgment, for some sin I have committed in the form. I have not seen them—neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, wife nor children.

I kept shop on King street from 1717 to 1722. I suppose many things have been attracted to different mediums, that I might learn to speak well through one.

Tell me, are the loyal subjects of King Georga all dead? I do not know what year it is now, but I know I have been may a long time. I have not had any instruction as to how I

not know what year it is now, but I know I have been away a long time. I have not had any instruction as to how I should obtain light. Tell me, if you can, what great party rules now? Free!—a republican government—is it possible? Sir William Howe, of course, is dead? Why is it that I have nover met any of my friends? I clearly remember now of carrying a bundle of books to Sir William Howe at the Province House the last time I went out.

My friend was an old man, and could not have lived long after my departure. I think he held no public position here, but was a visitor, and was to return home.

I come here for myself; I have no one to convince except myself, and to ascertain if possible why it is I have been kept I have not had any instruction as to how

myself, and to ascertain if possible why it is I have been kep

recome here for myself; I have no one to continue except myself, and to ascertain if possible why it is I have been kept so long in darkness. I would be as happy to-day to see those I once loved, as if I had been parted from them for a week only, and am determined to use all my power to find out, if I can, why I am thus situated. I am in prison, and the louder I call, the less I am heard. Is there a God? I thought I should find a different place from what I have found.

I had three children, but I have never seen them—Samuel, Dony, and Phebe. I had one brother, Thomas. I have an indistinct recollection about a little paper; I can't remember much about it; It was printed very hear me, but not every day—not oftener than once a week, or so. My brother was a printer. Oh, if I could only see him! He kept on King street, close by me. He printed books and music. Sacred muslo? Yes. Have any dancing? I hope not. Some in my time held it right; I did not. I lived on Queen street. Yes, I do recollect a man by the name of Franklin. He was a candle-maker. I recollect one Caleb Cartman kept shop close by me; we were very social together, but I have never seen him. I remember Franklin because I purchased my lights of him.

There was a school near Carphill and a church not a great

There was a school near Cornhill, and a church not a great way; my children went to this school. I was acquainted with a man-old Mr. Russell; he was a rebel; and, if I remember aright, he spent most of his time in rebellion, or try-

member aright, he spent most of his time in rebellion, or trying to get up one; but good within, good within, he was—very good. I'd like to see him to-day:

I was most fifty-eight years old when I died. I remember where I was laid; it was the church burying-ground, called by some the new church burying-ground. It was a brick church, not a great way from my shop, where I worshiped.

Tell me now, if you can, what I shall do to relieve myself of the darkness I am in.

March 21.

## Frank Stevens.

How am I to send a message to my friends, if I want to? How am I to know if I can trust you? The Yankees are sometimes slippery. Bo you want a regular way-bill, with all the Items enclosed?

Well, then, to begin with, my name was Frank Stevens; I was born in London in 1810; I died at Melbourne, Australia, Well, thon, to begin with, my name was Frank Blovens; I was born in London in 1819; I died at Melbourne, Australia, in 1855. Queen Vic and I are not twins, but were born pretty near the same time. Our queen was born the 24th of May; I the 23d. I have a father—an old man, living at home, a sister, and one brother. There were four of us in all—one died young. Frank, that's myself, the oldest: Laura, my sister, the youngest; George, my brother, living with my father, next to my sister. My death was occasioned by suffication induced by inhaling acids. I was intending to come home about a month later, but I thought to go one way, and went another, so you will do me a favor by informing my friends of my locality.

My father's name is George F. Stevens, Bond street, London. My father has no occupation at the present time. Direct to that address, and he will be sure to get it. Say I met with good success—much better than I anticipated. Say, also, that my health was good. Say, also, I lost my little servant boy on the passage out, by sea sickness and prostration.

I was a chemist. Unfortunately I slept in my laboratory, without a sufficient quantity of oxydized air necessary to sustain life, so I left without being sick; a very short passage.

You will also please add I have no regrets concerning my

Magnetism is a positive condition of electricity—electricity s a negative condition of magnetism. Our friend wishes to know if he can run the electrical machine he has made, by know if he can run the electrical machine he has made, by magnetic power; we answer yes, provided he can apply that power to the machine, which he cannot do, in our opinion; for, to begin with, the machine is imperfect—it is so constructed, not only to receive the power, but to carry it off. It will convey the positive force to the nearest receptacle at hand. His first experiment will prove the truth of our words. Our friend had better consider the subject well, ere he expends any more of his time and his gold and silver.

My good sir, I have nothing more to give, except you will say that what you have there is from one calling himself Exginers, to the friend in New York. Roolishness, no doubt, to you, but the opposite to some one cise.

March 21.

#### Rev. Dr. Emmons.

My brother in Christ, with whom I have held sweet conwrother in Christ, with whom I have heat sweet covered in mortal life, desires me to come here, if it be possible for me to speak. Although he has not a belief in these things, and no faith in spiritual communion, yet, mark you, he desires me to come here if it be possible, and speak upon a subject we conversed upon a few months previous to my desti-

a subject we conversed upon a few months previous to my death.

While sitting alone one day, I was visited by this friend, who has called upon me. He commenced conversation by saying, "Brother Emmons, I am in doubt about Christ; the Bible tells me he existed from all time—now I wish to know if you suppose Christ existed as a personality from the beginning of time. I then told him I thought he did; that Christ had existed from all time, as a personal being.

I must change—everything around me, and within me, demands it. I now believe Christ existed in principle, but no more so than have my brother and myself.

The Bible gives an account of the birth of Christ, and I believe that from that time he commenced to exist in person, in mortal form an intelligence; but previous to that time, I believe he was a principle—a thought—finating on the great ocean of life, waiting for the Great Intelligence to call it into form, and speak it into action. I believe there is no individual on earth original in himself. There is not a thought that is original—not one. The vast multitude of souls that people the earth, are a combination of intelligences that has existed from the beginning of time; but who can tell where time begins? who can tell where life first became life? Not the historian nor the theologian—not the would be great men of your days—not they in the higher subsers of the celestial the historian nor the theologian—not the would be great men of your day—not they in the higher spheres of the celestia world.

of your day—not they in the higher spheres of the celestial world.

I must here tell my dear brother that I have clinnged—that I do not see as I used to see—that the Bible is quite a different book from what I believed it was—that a great portion of that book is false; it has passed through se many changes from its primitive state, that we scarce find one line out of ten bearing strict truth upon it.

My dear brother would do well to launch his bark upon the ocean of the Future. He would also do well to take Faith and Hope on beard, for with such guides he will not go astray. He how stands trembling at the portals of the sanctuary, and fears to go further alone. The interior prompter is constantly telling him to go on, and he is constantly crying out: "Save, Lord, or I perish!" There is death and desolation around him in the churches, and he may drink of living waters of life, if ho will but go forth fearing nothing, trusting in that over-living principle of right, that will ever guide him through some medium of love.

My dear brother has many facilities for gaining instruction from the spirit-world, and as a superior intelligence has been three below they developed.

My dear brother has many facilities for gaining instruction from the spirit-world, and as a superior intelligence has been kind enough to place these things in his way, he should use thom, and make himself a beacon light for the many thousands who are looking to him; for that Christian light that home so brilliant in the past, is growing dim, and a new star is risen in the earth, which, although it may not lead to the birth-place of a Jesus of Nazareth, will lead to Love, which is God.

May the great principle of Love—the great I Am, who causeth the rain to fall on the just and the unjust—who ruleth in Heaven and reigns in Hell, be with the seeker until the seeker shall himself let in the glorious light of that immutable and never-changing principle—our God.

March 21.

#### March 21.

Kirk Boott.

Friend, there is peace between me and thee.

Kink Boort.

#### Phillip Barton Key.

Phillip Barton Key.

I cannot well control your medium, nor de-I care to. The trings of Naturo's harp will not give forth harmony unless touched by skillful fingers. Life is a mystery, and man must taste death before he knows how to live. The past is presented to me too vividly—it destroys my power of control; and indeed I have no taste for returning to carth. It is a country where deception religns supreme; and where mear receive temptation under the guise of the beautiful. Mortals take one step in fashion, the mext passes beyond the grave and then there is a question where the spirit will find a location adapted to its peculiar wants. The vast congregation of saints and sinners which inhabit this now world, may all find pleasure in returning to earth; but I find none, and I wish to assure my friends that I have no desire to return and commune, and whatever call may be ready to be issued in my behalf had better be retained, for I shall not answer it. The tongue of the busy world has quite enough to do to take care of matters of the past. I do not care to come back to give food for scandal. I am done with it new, and as the tree of temptation is not found in this new country, I shall not be likely to eat any of the fruit thereof. They tell me I shall change, and my views will become modified and spiritualized. It may be so, but while I am of the present epinion, I shall not return to earth, neither do I desire to.

I am only here to-day to give satisfaction to one who professes friendship.

Your humble servant, Phillip Key.

On being asked if he had no middle name, he replied:—

On being asked if he had no middle name, he replied :-Yes, Barton was my middle name, if you wish it.

March 22.

Yes, Darton was my middle name, if you wish it.

March 22.

Daniel Clark.

I don't know as I am acquainted with your mode of proceeding. What do you require?

I was born in the town of Groton, N. H. My name was Daniel Clark. I removed from Groton when quite young, to Closter, N. H. I afterwards moved to Middlebury, Vt.; but I did at Brooklyn, New York State, with my son. I was sixty-one years of age. My disease was a matter of dout within my friends, and therefore I shall have as little as possible to say about it. One thing, however, I will mention, and that is, I always supposed my illness was occasioned by a fall I had about nine years previous to my death. I went to go down cellar one evening, when it was quite dark; I did not know that I had reached the door, and was not aware I was in danger; but it seems I was, as I fell down stairs and fractured two of my ribs, injured my shoulder, and I suppose I sustained some internal injury, as I nover enjoyed as good health as I formerly hard after Quis. I have been in this new world five years—a little better than five years; I died, I think, in the beginning of '54; at any rate I have a wery good received to make the control of the year. Soon after death, I jearned that the spiritual theory was in part true. I did not believe it coenrit, but I learned, by inquiring, that one could return to earth, but I learned, by inquiring that one could return to earth, but I learned, by inquiring that one could return to earth, but I learned, by inquiring that one could return to earth, but I learned, by inquiring that one could return to earth, but I was told also that two-thirds of the spiritual manifestions were not genuine. I was told also that it was necessary that all spirits who desired to make themselves known on earth, should possess as a good memory, and should give such facts as would serve them to reach the reference.

By a fall i had obedieve to control that metal to any both them I couldn't rest till I was told also that it was necessary that all spirits who des

renus. For a time I thought I should stand a very poor chance, as For a time I thought I should stand a very poor chance, as my memory was not very good; but with continual exertion on my part, and the aid of some friends, I think I have gathered enough acts to make myself known to my friends. That I have to give my friends I do not care to give here; and if they feel as they did upon those subjects before I left earth, they will not desire me to do so. Therefore, to start fairly, I shall simply clock about me to see what chance I can find to commune with my friends In private. I was not a member of any Christian church, although I think the greater portion of my sympathies are with the Baptists. My son is a professing Christian, and I am told it is very hard to approach all such by this new light; but, at any rate, the word "try" seems as good as it did on earth. When my boys used to tell me they could not do so and so, I used to tell them to try, and if, after glying things rather a fair trial, they were conquered. I they could not do so and so, I used to tell them to try, and Ir, after giving things rather a fair trial, they were conquered, I had nothing more to say, but they must try, and try to the best ability God had given them. This proves as good in my case as in theirs, and so I shall try to-day, and may God, in his infinite mercy, ald me in the trial.

I believe I have given you all I desire to, except to affer you thanks for your attention to my wants.

March 22.

## Timothy Wilkins.

Have you time and patience to entertain sinners? Re-markable personage! I think you entertain sinners altogether,

Now, then, to begin with, I went out of the world a jolly Now, then, to begin, with, I went out of the world a folly fellow, and I'vo come back just the same. It's no use trying to put a minister's face on a playful kitten, 'cause they wont fit nohow. We leave the long faces to those with white crasts, and will take pattern by nature, who dresses up in grass and flowers when she smiles. Confound it, I've tried to make this a serious job, but I can't do it. I must sall under false colors, if I come back serious.

Bo you cross-examine your subjects, I understand? Well, drive away at nie, at the rate of ten knots an hour, if you wish, as long as I am all right.

without a sufficient quantity of oxydized air necessary to sustain life, so I left without being sick; a very short passage.

You will also please add I have no regrets concerning my present situation—that I am as happy as one need be—considering all things. Also, tell my father it was not the close application to business that induced my death—he thought it was. My Inboratory was on Prince street, Melbourne, Australia. I might have been called a student—a practical student. I was studying the theory of chemistry to account in a business way. I was what you Yankees would call a speculator in various commodities—gold and silver were the principal articles I dealt in.

Yes, I have one thing more to add—a blessing to my kindred and the queen. Still loyal—and ever shall be. My feet

wish, as long as I am all right.

I suppose I shall be obliged to claim Boston as my birthplace, and I came to a very happy termination of the mundant life, in New Orleans last year quiet confusions, except one thing, and that was that confounded brawling negro that waited on me. I must not have a father on me. I must not not not not not silve any of my friends, so I must remember her. After I got on t'other side of Jordan, I found myself in a place so like earth that I found no difference. I said; how is it, Tim, are you on earth, or somewhere else, and I came to the conclusion I was on earth. I have a father on earth, and I have a brother and two sisters, and, if fortune favors me, I'm going to sail round their quarters and it for the running in here; but what I shall do when I anchor there, is more than I can tell—probably act myself. There was a little mystery about my leaving New York for New

were always ill at ease on republican ground. God eave the Orleans, and it may be well for me to square up things here, were always ill at case on republican ground. God eave the queen.

Possibly I can give the cold man who hast spoke some light, but we Englishmen are not so apt as you are, to interfere with other's business; If he asks for aid, I shall give light, but we Englishmen are not so apt as you are, to interfere with other's business; If he asks for aid, I shall give light, but we Englishmen are not so apt as you are, to interfere with other's business; If he asks for aid, I shall give light, but we Englishmen are not so apt as you are a little faster than I was myself, and he got me into a little faster than I was myself, and he got me into a little faster than I was myself, and he got me into a little faster than I was only a little faster than I was nowned a little two offens. But I knew I left. I was out of sight, the old gentleman—my father—would square up things in a quiet way; but If I was round, not so easy; so up things in a quiet way; but If I was round, not so easy; so the beginning the end of the light of the lig

well, then, tell my father if he would like to have a little

Well, then, tell my father if he would like to have a little talk with me in a social way, and will refrain from bringing up old alidire. I shall be glad to meet him, and I'll guaranteo I will not bring up anything unpleasant.

I hope he will change his mind a little in reference to myself, before he undertakes to call on me. He mustn't think I'm the worst son a father was ever blessed with, because you know there never was a bad without there was a worse. He better not place too much confidence in the stories he has heard of me since I loft. If he likes to con them over once in a while, I have no objection, for I ah sure I had as lives he would rank me among blacklegs as not. I don't see as I have changed much, only I have to borrow a speaking trumpet to talk to men with, very much like the speaking tube. pet to talk to men with, very much like the speaking tube I used to speak through from my upper room to the kitchen girls.

Well, sir, call me Tim Wilkins—that rascal, Tim! Did I wen, sir, can me tim whitins—that raseal, timit blut forget to give you my age—that important item? Well then, I was on the shady side of twenty-one. You must n't form too exalted an opinion of me, for I'm mysell; if I saw anything to gain by it, I might turn myself inside out. My father's name is Charles. What do you charge, sir? Well then, once again, good day.

March 29.

#### Mary Phillips.

I'm Mary Phillips. I never was in Boston in my life; but come sluce I died. I heard of folks coming here and speaking to their folks—the husband, the brother and slater; and I have tried to come. I belong in Phillips, Maine. I was sixty-three years old. I wish to commune with my children; I wish them all to know I can come; and I wish to tell them I have heard there is no true religion on earth; I can't give them any guide to go by; they must do the best they can. I feel very anxious about all my friends; I know they'will be so disampointed. I was almost induced to believe I was n'te

sed very anxious about all my friends; I know they'will be so disappointed. I was almost induced to believe I was n't human. I'm no nearer God than I was when on carth—not a bit; I'm no nearer leaven; I have only passed through the second change of life, and I'm told there are a thousand left to go through.

Oh, it's well people don't know too much of the future, and yet I want my people to know that I can come. I want to tell them I have seen Betsey, and little Mary, and Samuel, and David, and John, and Naucy, and Hannal, and Charlotte's little child; Joel I've seen once, and Lucy Maria—I've seen them all, but I don't live with them. I don't know why this is. To think I should get here last orall, and

I've seen them all, but I don't live with them. I don't know why this is. To think I should get here last of all, and be the first to come back!

Well, I was naturally persevering, and I suppose that made a difference. Why, it seems to me as though we work just the same as a magnetiser would. I was told I must control the spirit of the medium, and after that use the body just as I would my own, only I must observe the laws that govern the medium. My children understand something of magnetism, and they will know better of this by my explanation. I wish they they would call for me at home; it is n't very wish they they would call for me at home; it is n't very pleasant for me to come here; I never did like to go among strangers, but I was determined to come at some rate. I don't think of anything more, so I guess I'd better go.

#### Sam. Quinn.

I suppose they are glad I'm dead, because, you see, they 've one the less to maintain. I have been dead four years. The State took care of me for two years; but they need n't have done it, for I had S1800 of my own—they didn't know it. I've got a son, and I want him to have my money. The rascal thought I had n't anything; he never come a-nigh me for months before I died. I'll pay him off now, and give it all to him. If he's a-mind to go home to the old house, and go down cellar where I used to keep things, in the bottom of the arch where I kept potatoes, he'll see a tin box—I's marked "cake" on the outside of the box. I bought it to keep my money or things in, and it's all there now.

box—It's marked "cake" on the outside of the box. I bought it to keep my money or things in, and it's all there now. There haint nobody lived there. I died at home in Boston, I 's pose. I'm just as good as anybody clse, if I can't talk quite so good. It's mine now, (the house.) I'm in it now How fir is Batterymarch street from here? I lived down there. Ny part of the house has remained vacant. You can say that Sam. Quinu's come, and he's about right. No, I aint mistaken—you do n't know. I'm sober, now; used to get drunk when I was a-mind to. My son does what he's a-mind to for a living. He'il be sure to hear of my coming, if there's any money in the way. It's there now, unless the confounded intilesnakes up stairs have got it; and I do n't believe they have. I died just before Christmas. Winters the State took care of me; summers I was out Left my money there at home—not in one place all the time. My wife died ten years before me. The money troubles me; I think he might as well have it.

As we put little faith in the statement he made, we told

As we put little faith in the statement he made, we told nim so, and that it was very unlikely that his money was there now, even had he left any there. .

Perhaps you've gone and stole it; you appear to know a lot about it. No, my son do n't live in the old house—catch him to live there. I sold rags, iron, glass, and done chures for folks, and it did n't cost me anything to live—saved it all.

In answer to the question where the house was, he said: Shan't tell you where it is-no, you do n't go there-no you do n't. I'm too smart for you—you can't go there to get 'tt;
my son knows where it is, and that's enough. I'll risk anybody else going there; I got to risk 't—I will. That's all I
want. I used to sell to Jenks, close by the cont-yard, just round the corner by the gas-works.

## Betsey Cook.

Oh, how strange it is; how strange! I never thought 1 On, now strange it is; now stranger I never thought I could speak agath on earth. Wont you tell me where I am? I thought I was nearer home than that. I can't see the place at all; I can see the people. How far is this from Newbury-port? Well, I died there, and I thought I should visit my friends there. I don't exactly see why it is I am brought here. I thought they would carry me to a medium there.

Explain this to me.

I am very much troubled. I don't know where I am going to be sent. Oh, I lived a good moral life. I've no fear, but

mothere—I don't know where she is. I feel just as much myself as on earth; but I am under much restraint here. They say, "If you go there to control that medium, you must alide by certain rules."

I came to please friend Johnson. He says there is some-body very anxious to know how I am getting along. It can't be my wifes for I didn't know her long before marriage, and I didn't live with her long—only a little over a year—and I was not so well acquainted with her ideas of these things as I might be.

The last time you saw me I looked as though I had been hard used; but it's all right with me here.

The old-ideas of the Christians are foggy here; I find I am just as far from God as I ever was. I think it's the best to do right. I had but one redeeming quality on earth, and that was, I was not stingy. I made monoy—no matter how—and I never turned a man or woman away that was in need. I wish I had more gems in my crown; but as I had n't, I must be content.

wish I had more gems in my crown; but as I hadn't, I must be content.

That was a very poor move of mine two years ago; if I hadn't have made that I should have been on earth now. Well, they say there is some good comes out of overything, and some may come to me yet; I don't mean pecuniary good, for God knows I didn't care whether I died a rich man or a beggar. But that affist troubled me a good deal; It was n't right, no way, opening a wholesale "hell." Well, I'm inclined to think I got the worst of it; it has troubled me—not because I suffered nyself, but because others suffered by me. You see I went in myself, and my friends came is after me, and I'd rather go to hell alone. Well, it's about right, I guess—a man must go through hell.

I have n't known but tor about two days where I was; but I tell you my old memory-hox has been wide awake for that time, and there's no rest for me now.

I have an indistinct recollection of my last days; but some of'them were pretty cloudy, and I wish to God all of them were.

Well tell the beyer I'm pretty heavy, and If they would be.

of them were pretty cloudy, and I wish to do an or more were.

Well, tell the boys I'm pretty happy, and if they would be happler than I am, they mus n't walk in the same path I did. As to my wife, I want to speak to her, but that must be in private. Can you tell me where Solon Fisher is? He was a military man—belonged in Cambridgeport. Perhaps it is he that has called for me; perhaps it's Buckley; at any rate, whoover it is, let him come out and call for me, and I'll methan. ilm.

Friend Johnson reminds me that my time is up, but I bate

Priond Johnson reminds me that my him is up, badly to go.

When on earth conditions hindered me from seeing many things in the right light, but within two days all these conditions have been lined up, and I can see things as they are; and what should I think of except the past? The only thing I have to content me is, that I was not doze-fited.

I must go; but I hope we shall meet again; I know we shall, when you throw off that shell of yours; but I mean before that. Well, good by to you and to all.

Most of the conversation we had was on private matters,

for tests to ourself, of which we took no notes. What we have given is but a running note, here and there. In several matters the spirit corrected us, and wo know the medium had no knowledge of him. March 23,

## Thomas Bisby.

Oh, thou who hast taught us to call thee Pather, we would

Oh, thou who hast taught us to call thee Vather, we would lift our thoughts to thee in humble praise for the blessings than hast bestowed upon us. Our Father and our God, we thank thee for all that life brings to unto thee, knowing that thy wisdom directed all, and that no child is forgetten at any time by the great Author of life. And we would offer especial thanksgiving unto thee for the immediate blossings thou hast bestowed upon thy servant. Oh, God, thou hast told us we shall rise over death and from the grave where thou—didst wisely conceal the blessings of this life, knowing that we could not comprehend.

Oh God, thou hast told us we shall rise over death and from the grave where thou—didst wisely conceal the blessings of this life, knowing that we could not comprehend.

Oh God, thou hast taught us to pray; all nature teaches us to pray, and we, who have received so many blessings will be ill at ease without offering prayers to thee. We will not ask thee to bless these who are dear to us in earth-life, for thou art not a forgetting Father; thy loying arms encircle all thy children; thou art passing the brend of life to them daily; thy bounty is for all; thy sun shines to bless the earth; darkness comes as a blessing; the inhabitants of the upper skies come at thy commands, and bear messages to thy children in the outer life; and when the multitude, who cannot understand, cry out against thy works, yet we will have charity; we will say as did our brother, many long years ago, "Oh Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." And as thy love extends over all the earth, thou wilt not forget the sinner. All are thy subjects, all are portions of thyself, and we know that in time all will be gathered they do." And as thy 1990 extents over an one catch, swell not forget the sinner. All are thy subjects, all are portions of thyself, and we know that in time all will be gathered unto thee, when sin shall pass away, when all shall be purified, and the children of earth shall mingle with the children

fiel, and the children of earth shall mingle with the children of the spirit-world.

I would tell my children that they are not forgotten by the friends they have in spirit-life; that although sun-light may not shine in their pathway in the hours they have on earth, yet the star shines for them and those who have passed on are ever watchful, and they are never left alone; every hour of their life is guarded as an angel can guard it. They walk met in darkness are never alone, and morning, noon and of their his is guarded as in angel can guard it. They want not in darkness, are never alone, and morning, noon and night they should offer praises to God above. They are not forgotten—not alone. Millions of angels sometimes hover above the children of earth when they think they are alone. Tell my children to guard well the talents God has given them, and they will receive the crown of rejoicing. Thomas Bisby, Waterville, Mo.

#### Abagail Field.

My beloved child, as I cannot visit you at your own home— the higher intelligences having forbidden it, no doubt in wis-ton—I have asked, and have gained permission and aid, to come here, that I might at least leave one gem to sparkle

with you forever and ever.

Oh, my preclous child, you are in the hands of God's angels, who will at all times care for you, even though you may fancy yourself deserted. Yes, they who never sleep will watch ever you and shield you from all harm, and when you are called to come up higher, you will come with a shout of love.

are called to come up nigher, you will come with a shout of joy.

My darling child, you do not know what you do when you cling so closely to earth and its surroundings. Though the earth is sometimes very beautiful, yot it is drangy and cold when contrasted with the home of the spirit. Oh, then, my dear, dear child, fear not the angel of death, for whenever he comes, he will come by the will of our loving Father, who wills that you should no longer dwell in the cold earth sphere, where the sons and daughters of God go in mourning all the days of their mortality. Rejoice and be glad, my precious child, for all is well with you.

Remember me in kindness and love to all my dear ones, and especially to my poor, but very dear child, Ann.

Your spirit mother, Annall, Field.

March 23,

#### John Rice.

Am I to do the writing, or are you? What do you want? Do you suppose, if I talk here, any of my folks will hear of me? I've been told if I came here they would hear me. My name is John Rice. I belonged in Fortland, Mc. I was thirty-six when I died. I died in '57. I died on the Albion River, Oal. I went out about a year before. I was out prospecting one day, and got shot accidentally, I suppose—they say so. I did n't die right away, but from the effects of the shot. Now do you think it's wise in me coming here? Well, they're all coming this way, and I may as well come as to wish I had come. Some of them draw heavy prizes by coming, and if I do I shan't be sorry.

My folks know I'm dead; but they don't exactly know anything about my coming back here.

My folks know I'm deud; but they don't exactly know anything about my coming back here.

That's a matter of very small consequence what my occupation was, and it might not be well for you to publish it. I have no objection to giving you the names of my friends; but some folks do not care to have their names in print, and I was told before I came, that if I was not careful I might be further off from my mark than when I came.

You may say this much: I should like to meet Ben in private—that will be understood. If people want tests from me, they can have just as many as they want; but I'm not going to give them to the public. I don't care to convince the whole world, nor to convince my friends through the

foling to give them to the profile of the whole world, nor to convince my friends through the public. Don't think I'm a crusty old fellow, for I am not—fild n't see years enough to make me that. I am comfortably situated hero—things are not all to my liking, but they were

Note on earth.

Have you done with mo? I have said all I wish to say,
March 24.

## James Finlayter.

How do you do, sir? I have been to you before. James Finlayter. You have not heard from my message yet, but I have. My friends wish me to come here and tell them what time in the day I committed suicide. If I can do this, they will believe, doubting nothing. I am pretty positive I gave you some information relative to the time of my death; but, however, I am not certain. I committed suicide a little after six o'clock in the morning. I am also requested to tell how many children I have. That, I believe, I have told you before. I had two—a son and a daughter. After my friends become assured of 'my coming, they purpose to write you in reference to the subject; should they do so, you will plusse answer, or give such information as to these manifestations as you deem prudent, and oblige your hundle servant. nnswer, or give such information as to these manifestation as you deem prudent, and oblige your humble servant, March 24.

James Finlatter.

## Willie Vinton.

My doar mother and father—Seeing a way open for me to send a letter through the spirits' general post-office, I thought it might not be amiss to let you hear from me. Don't say it is not me, but look sharp and see if it is any-

body else.

I am getting along well here, and learning the art of sculpture, and am trying also to do something by way of reading the heavens. Not those alone of your world, but the colestial heavens, where the stars shine forever and ever, to give light and beauty to the minds of earth. And I am doing, and trying to do, a great many things for my parents and others.

March 24.

WILLIE VINTON.

## Levi Woodbury.

My son, study well the things that pertain to your future life, or condition in life, and you will do well, and will not at any time dwell under the shadow of clouds. The Giver of all Life has endowed our Helen with a halv air. Life has endowed our Heien with a holy git, and that git may be brought into action at any time, when suitable material forces shall be brought to bear upon her; and when called into action, much wisdom may be imparted through this git of our Eterhal Father and Preserver. Read and understand, my son.

Levi Woodbury. lerstand, my son. March 24.

## Willie Lewis.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. VALE.

BY LILLA N. CUBHMAN.

I know that we must part-And in that word how much of grief I see; Thou who wort ever very dear to me-So twined around my heart.

And thus to give thee up, And stifle all my heart's fond, deep devotion, And no'er betray by word, look or emotion-How bitter is the cup! The hour of woo is past!

My "star of hope" has set fore'er in gloom! And I am tending onward to the tomb-My destiny is cast. Perhaps in after years Thou 'It come, and stand my lowly grave beside.

Mourning that I in my sweet spring-time died.

And shed such bitter tears As we but seldom shed: And I shall hover with my white wings o'er thee-In that sad hour-I who did so adore the Till thou art comforted.

And now we part-'t is well, Though never was a parting like to this-So careless-without hope or fear it is, Only the word-FAREWELL!

There are no twin souls in God's universe. Each stand done in its relation to each particular truth within the range of its apprehension. In the field of life, each has its standpoint, from which it observes, and at which it receives impressions from all the facts, persons and phenomens of the

# Correspondence.

#### Plymouth Matters,

A. B. CHILD, PLYHOUTH, MASS .- "Mrs. Alico Noil departed this life on the seventh inst., after a severe and long illness. She was a Spiritualist and a medium. She died, as do all Spiritualists, happy. The remark has often been made that all Spiritualists die happy; this appears to be true, and if true, can there be a greater test of the truth of Spiritualism? At the funeral of the venerable Dr. Kendall, not long since, the Rev. Mr. Briggs, in his funeral sermon, said something like the following:- If I have ever injured the deceased in my thoughts, words or deeds, and his spirit is now

resent, I humbly ask his forgiveness." The Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, the Universalist minister of this place, is not only a Spiritualist tacitly, but a mechanically writing medium and highly intuitional. He is a most worthy and useful man in society, is much beloved and highly esteemed. He can doubtless effect more good by not proclaiming a belief in Spiritualism; professions are of little noment, and Spiritualism will show them ere long to be mean things, whether they be professions in a belief in Spiritualism or in anything else.

There are more than twenty well-developed mediums in Plymouth. Circles are held, two or three a week, and public speaking is had twice every Sunday. The Society of Spiritunlists is not very large, but every member of it has a large and noble heart, and a love for Spiritualism so mighty and strong that no earthly power can reach, influence, or turn it. Capt. George Simmons, Jr., a prominent and highly-respected citizen, has been among the foremost in sustaining meetings. and for his zeal and efforts in this direction, his interest has somewhat suffered from the withdrawal of patronage by those who, doubtless, conscientiously oppose Spiritualism. But all interest lost in this way will return four-fold ere long. There are more hearts that beat now in favor of Spiritualism than there are tongues that acknowledge it. We little know how deep and powerful the interest felt in favor of Spiritualism is already. People are now afraid to tell of this interest for fear of scorn, but it will not long be so, for Spiritualism is beautiful and true.

The healing powers of B. H. Crandon are of a superior order. He is very successful in all cases. Prescriptions are written through his hand in medical technical terms and in Latin, of which he has no knowledge, and they have always proved safe and effications when administered to his patients. Many tests have been given through his mediumship, which have caused many sceptics to become believers. A book o spiritual communications has been published that were written through his hand. In a humble, unprotending way he is effecting much good for humanity.

Mr. William II. Willis, of Kingston, has given phronological characteristics of persons in Plymouth with great accuracy by his intuitive powers, assisted by his acquaintance with the science. His intultive powers are remarkably developed, so that he can even give the phrenological characteristies of a person, without contact, by simply being in their presence.

#### Matters in Sandusky, Ohio.

M. K. T. SANDUSKY, OHIO .- "Spiritualism has been misconceived here by the public, and all the force of prejudice arrayed against it. The press has lent its aid, and community, choosing ignorance and misapprehension, have turned contemptuously from it, and closed the car to such appeals as have occasionally been presented.

Some three or four persons, deeply interested in the sublect, and desirous to have their friends and neighbors enlightened as to its nature and claims, a few months since invited Mr. Brittay to visit us, and deliver a series of discourses. The irresistible eloquence and logic of this gifted gentleman, so widely known, were highly appreciated here, not only by friends, but by opposers of the cause.

Previous to this we had, almost accidentally, secured the services of Miss Vincent, a 'trumpet medium,' as she is here called, and her wonderful circles had been exciting the interest of a portion of our citizens, for some two or three weeks. I think I am correct in saying, that nearly our entire population were quite ignorant of both the phenomena und philosophy of Spiritualism up to this time. Though necessarily held in darkened rooms, nearly every one visiting the circles left them overpowered with astonishment, and perfectly

satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations. The phenomena there witnessed, and talked of everywhere, attracted general attention, and aided in procuring good audiences for the lectures. They also secured to Spiritualism an unwonted pulpit consideration. A large amount of rensoning, eloquence and zeal were expended in securing the various sectarian folds from the wiles and seductions of this detested wolf, which, so long held at bay, had suddenly come upon them, it seemed, like a strong one armed. The dillgent shepherds were successful to a great extent, though in umerous instances, regardless of all their watching and pains-taking, the precious lambs strayed away both to circle and lecture. The shepherds disagreed curiously about the wolf. Some pronounced him an electrical animal of singular powers; others, the veritable Prince of Darkness. The Congregational minister, who earnestly believed the latter terrible theory, engaged Mr. Brittan in an evening's discussion, which simply on account of its brevity did not accomplish all it should have done. The opposition declined to continue, and in a single evening there was no time to notice half the false charges and petty slanders brought forward in place of argument. Mr. Brittan's fine taste and allegiance to the recognized rules and amenities of debate, also, evidently, disdained to follow closely their repulsive lead; and I doubt not that many of his flock who honored the hall on that evening, relying implicitly on the genius of their good shepherd, as a

general, were fully confirmed in their two-fold fulth, After the departure of Mr. Brittan, we obtained the services of Mr. Ambler, for the remainder of the winter. His liscourses, delivered on Sunday afternoons and evenings, to small but most appreciative audiences, were sublime and beautiful in character, - rich feasts of poetry and feeling, of Spiritual truth and beauty, — nor in the least wanting in a sound basis of analogical reasoning and attested evidence. Sorry indeed were we to part with those strong and purified spirits. We miss their heavenly ministrations, which fell like dew and sunshine on our faint yet aspiring souls, calling forth the levely blessoms, whose germs they taught us,

surely lay within the uncultured soll of faithless ignorance.

Our circles continued to afford a high degree of satisfaction

to all classes of investigators, up to a recent date, when manifestations were suddenly suspended. On a certain eve-My dear blessed father and mother—I am just learning to write in this way. Oh, mother, dear—and father, too—the angels are good to me. Don't you know you used to tell me about them before they took me away in the charlot with so many flowers? But, mother, dear, do you know that I am the guide to the dear little one who will sleep in my little bed when he gets big enough. Oh, I am so happy, and I will seem to you often with letters, if they will let me. Good bye.

WILLIE LEWIS.

My dear blessed father and mother—I am just learning to infine in an incongruous, and plotting circle, where the medium affirms that she felt, upon entering it, a most disagree-able influence—where, too, she was at an unusual disadvantage from extreme exhaustion, and other existing causes, a light was suddenly sprung, and the startled medium, who says she arose to her feet in intense excitement, at the first sound of the match—was seen by some of the circle in an attitude, and circumstances, which they considered not only attitude, and circumstances, which they considered not only of a suspicious nature, but as affording positive evidence against her honesty as a medium. Their delight and selfgratulation know no bounds. They assailed her with taunt and insult, and rushed out into the streets to publish their sagacity, and claim the meed of popular applause. Her accusors, aided by a bitterly hostile press, have given these circumstances to the public in their darkest aspect, and the distressed condition of Miss Vincent's mind, united, perhaps, to the anxiety and disquiet existing in the circle, having caused a temporary interruption of her mediumship, which at present, is purely physical, our local journal, the channel through which all the criminal accusations and abuse of those who denounce her have flowed, is closed against her friends, who might extenuate and explain, and who are abundantly prepared to prove to any rational judgment, that the manifestations previously given could not by any possibility

have been produced by her.

I have already extended my communication much beyond its intended limit, and can present only a fraction of the evi-

Miss Vincent's circles have always co-operated with herself in securing order, quiet, and every other condition enjoined by the spirits, for the purpose of producing high and interesting manifestations; consequently her young sister, an innocent and upright little creature, who is also a trumpet medium, and aids the spirits, has been (when here,) regularly scated boside her. But when Metta has formed one of the circle, and also when she has been absent, persons seated second or third from the medium, have often ascertained by touch of the hand and foot, that she was sitting still, while varied demonstrations were proceeding at a distance from her. She has always sang, conversed, replied to our call, or signified in any desired way that she remained in her place. Bells have been rung at different points; while a voice spoke through the trumpet, other trumpets moved on the wall, and in the air, and movements or vigorous demonstrations were made upon the table simultanhously—a feat impossible for one person to perform. Two voices, through different trumpets, have spoken in one breath. She has conversed with the

spirits, spoken when they were speaking, has been reproved uncoremoniously, and received directions, which at first sho would not appropriate, not comprehending to whom they were addressed. Bhe has been genuinely terrified on different oc- funerals I attend, I now send two. Mrs. Martha C. Runey, of casions by the harsh, cracked voice of an old man, (as he styles | Cambridgeport, entered the home of angels on the thirtieth himself, who visits our circles, has related his history, proved of March, aged thirty-two years two months. Gone to join a himself a true and pure spirit, and, with some of us, is a fa-dear husband and three children, who had passed on before, vorito-because the voice is so disagreeable to her, and she would not, or could not, control her dislike. She has interwould not, or could not, control her dislike. She has inter-covered the cold form, bestowed by one whose hands are rupted his communications, begged him to leave and give strewing flowers in the pathway of the weary, even where ace to others, and those who sat nearest her felt her shrinking with extreme agitation in her chair, while all the circle heard her open and suppressed exclamations. The trumpets have often passed over and outside the circle, and been traced by the hand from one extremity to the other, without finding mortal existence, for which he had hoped. His companion, any connection. That she has no accomplice or machinery, is a positive fact, and to us she appears the last person gifted with talents to use, or secrete tife latter, were she furnished with it.

The charte language, extensive knowledge and culture evinced in the instructions given, and in the replies to our judgment. They will miss his outer presence, but to the verbal, written and mental questions, mind—reading, etc., are inner will be a guardian and guide. He had not been immeasurably beyond her capacity or attainments. We, who able to take his bed for more than twenty years, in consehave attended nearly all her circles in Sandusky, who, under the same roof, have observed her closely and constantly for about three months, who know the trials to which her difficult and harrassing mission subjects her, and the total abcult and harrassing mission subjects her, and the total absence of motive in yielding to the united urgency of spirits give light." and Spiritualists, other than that of serving the spirits and their cause, have unshaken confidence in the source and character of the manifestations given at her circles.

While awaiting the return of her usual powers, Miss Vincent has availed herself of the kindness of a highly influential ous forms, I am induced to send you the following case o and intelligent lady, at whose beautiful residence, a few miles cure through 'medium' power, which lately occurred in distant, a warm welcome and every gratification that love my experience. I am not and have not been a Spiritualist and liberality can suggest or supply, always await her. but through a grateful feeling toward the power that cured There in soothing and harmonious retirement, the spirits me, and being willing to admit the claim for its Spiritual have returned, or rather renewed their demonstrations, with source, I feel like him in scripture, who, when made to see nearly the usual power.

had really deserted her in her hour of need, has given place time since I was taken with violent cramps and spasms, to joy. They inspire her drooping spirit with fresh courage, which were continued, as often as every fifteen minutes, and urge her enward in her interesting and useful mission. night and day, for nearly a week. During their prevalence, She is not a religious enthusiast, but we doubt not she has my reason entirely left me. My physician called the paroxsufficient of the martyr-spirit to induce her to return after a isms paralytic fits; and I was brought so low by them that short respite, and favor us with demonstrations under such he declared he could do nothing more for me, after having conditions, and in presence of such witnesses, as shall con- given me the most powerful medicines. In this dilemma, vince and confound her enemies. We look for a mighty re- and despairing of all aid from the regular practitioners, my action; for, although the spirits who aid us must regard all wife sent, as recommended by friends, for Mr. M. Libby, of this as a very small tempest, we have just witnessed a general 172 Salem st., Boston, a healing medium. He came, and laid and violent excitement."

#### Spiritualism as a Science.

A. BEATTY, M. D., EVANSVILLE, OHIO .- Warren Chase has, according to appointment, delivered five lectures in this place. In one of his loctures he ventured the assertion that within twenty-five years Spiritualism would be taught in our colleges as a science. The spirit-world being one of tangible realities, its geography and natural history will be from the spirit-land through your Spirit Post Office, and also known and described through good mediums, as the geography and actural history of the rudimental sphere is now for her brother man. known and described. I know this is not his exact language, but it was to that effect.

Should this ever be realized, it must be done by a number of mediums having seen and described the same places, and agreeing in their description, as persons in their natural condition describing the Falls of Niagara, the Giant's Causway, or the City of London, and so far agreeing as to leave no doubt that they all described the same place.

On this suggestion from Mr. C., I offer the following, one of Mrs. B.'s beautiful visions. Should two, three, or more mediums agree in describing a place corresponding in every particular to this, it would go to prove that such a place really existed in the spirit-world, although the absence of such testimony would not prove that such a place did not

·I see a wide and extended hall brilliantly illuminated. A table spread, with a cloth snow-white, and ornamented with flowers. Around it are many noble-looking men and women, cultivating intellectual and moral science. Everything here is pure white, without a blemish. The students are clad in white; they have badges of different colors. Both male and female are clad in flowing robes, that are easy and graceful upon them. There are no votaries to the law of fashion. All are cultivating the high and holy attributes of their nature, to fit them for the society of angels-

## To fit them to dwell with angels bright, In regions of pure scraphic light.

This is a preparatory school for the higher spheres of intellectual and moral beings. Bound by no creeds or dogmas, they are free to act out the God-given beauties of their na ture. The tramels of custom and party prejudices are thrown away, and they are cultivating the pure and elevated characteristics which Christ exhibited on earth.

There are birds of beautiful plumage, not in cages, but free among the flowers with which the hall is decorated. The atmosphere is so pure, that its inhalation is life and immor thlity. There is nothing here to shock the most refined and sensitive, or to retard progression; all is perfect harmony, The hall is provided with apparatus for scientific pursuits globes, maps, and charts. Other rooms are attached, for the cultivation of music, painting, and other fine arts. Every one is permitted to choose their own studies. Beautiful gar dens are attached to these mansions of glory, with bowers and shady walks."

## Spiritual Letters.

JNO. LANGDON, MONMOUTH, ILL .- "I fully agree with Bro A. B. Child, in his article entitled, "Commerce in Spiritual-ism." There is too much humbuggery in the self-appointed mediums for healing, manufacturing mediums, reading scaled letters, &c. &c., at prices varying from one to five dollars. In varied learning, beauty and perspeculty of style and soula letter I received some time age from brother A. J. Davis, he advised a friend of mine to send a dollar to a certain woman in Jersey City, N. J., and sho would make known to him his complaint and the remedy. He not caring to spare that dollar, being poor, he mentioned it to another friend who had more faith: he sent the dollar with a lock of hair. Some time after he received a letter from the woman's husband, saying he did not send enough, but must send anothe dollar, which he did-and that was the last of it.

In hopes of getting a test that would satisfy my wife of the truth of spirit communion, (she being an unbeliever) I wrote a number of questions to my spirit-wife, and then scaled then in an envelop in various ways, as suggested by my presen wife, enclosing the usual fee. I directed it to Mr. Mansfield but to my great disappointment (as my wife said if I received answers she must believe,) I never heard from him: I wrote to him again, requesting him, if he could get no answer, to hand it to your medium, who perhaps might be able to get one; still no answer, therefored must cry humbug.

I was glad to see a notice of the BANNER in the Mon mouth Review. It will have a tendency to make it better known. One of our periodical men, although a strong Pres byterian, is now selling it."

Our correspondent will see by our last issue, in the article sunder the head of "J. V Mansfield," why many letters due from him have not been received.

## Judging a Fellow-Man.

STEPHEN BREWER, CORTLAND VILLAGE, N. Y .- We have looked over the proceedings of the trial of Mr. Brewer, published in a pumphlet, and cannot but conclude that the council of the church have acted in the matter unfair, unchristian-like and unphilosophical. Mr. Brewer, it appears, is a man of intelligence and common sense; is, a worthy citizen, and has been faithful in the discharge of his duty as a man and as a church member. The offended church caused this trial, only, for the reason that he listened on a Sunday to Wendell Philips, Wm. L. Garrison, Ralph W. Emerson and Geo. W. Curtls. In the name of the teachings o Josus Christ, and in the name of common sense and reason we ask where can a more truly religious man be found than Ralph Waldo Emerson? Hod. H. S. Randall says, "Mr. Emerson neither advances any doctrinal views of his own, nor attacks those of any church." We ask, did Christ? or does common sense or reason?

## Table-moving without Contact.

J. D. H., HAYNESBORO', VA .- "There is a medium in this place through whose medium powers tables, chairs, beds, etc. are moved without the contact or touch of any one. Deception cannot be charged upon this medium, for these things are done wherever the medium chances to be."

## Liberality and Freedom.

N. G. STEBBINS, WILLBRAHAM, MASS., writes that he is highly pleased with the liberality exhibited in the Banner of Light, and in the lectures of Spiritualists. Liberty, mental and physical, he esteems one of the greatest blessings for the happiness of man on earth.

Spiritualism "good to die by."

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Marlhono', Mass .- "As I consider it a duty to send you a notice of the demise of these whose and were beckening her to 'come up higher.' Bweet flowers mine own feet have trod. Thanks to the floral angel I

In Marlboro', April S. Levi Bigelow, Esq., aged sixty-eight years five months, left his worn-out tenement of clay, to realize, as he entered the spirit spheres, the glories of an imwho had borne unto him fourteen children, had preceded him a few years, with two children, leaving twelve to buffet for a time the waves of earth-life. He has been a man of moral worth, with a strict integrity of purpose, ever counseling his large family according to his highest dictates of reason and quence of asthma, and took his departure from the form while sitting in his chair. May he find rest! Upon some of his children the light of spirit truth has dawned. They need not

Healing. GEO. FENLEE, CHELSEA .- "Knowing your willingness to publish all matters tending to demonstrate truth in its variby the Divine touch, avowed that he knew not what had done Despair, lest her long-tried and dearest friends—the spirits it, but that he had been blind and then he saw. A short his hands upon me, when the spasms grew less frequent, and after the second time I had but two. In a few weeks I was enabled to go to Boston and attend to my business as usual."

#### Remarkable Test of Mrs. Conant's Mediumship.

A. O. WELLINGTON, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—"I write to tell you of a most valuable test of the existence of loved ones beyond the grave: and also to state that we our Wear hear to encourage Mrs. Conant (God bless her!) in her exertions

I must go back and give some of my domestic history, to show you what a strange and conclusive test this was. Before I married my first wife, her connections and mine objected to our union. She had to go with a sister to a neighboring town to stop some time, and we assumed fictitious names to correspond under-her name was to be Irene. She returned, and we were married; then followed six happy years, when she left this for a higher existence. I then ma mental requests many times, when I felt she was near, that she should go to Mrs. Conant and send me a communication; and give no other name, only the one, more dear to us than her real name-that was, Irene-no more, no less; which finally, after twelve months, came to hand in the Banner of November 6th, 1858. The message, you will find, closes with these remarkable words: 'Say that I am Irene; the soul that has called for me will understand me.' "

#### The Pitying Angel.

M. B. LANE, BRACEVILLE, OHIO .- "When chilling winds blow across our path in adverse hours; when friends seem to forsake and desert us, and loved ones falter and grow coldto whom shall we look for solace and consolation - where shall we go to find comfort and happiness in hours of bitter trial? A Father's love is ours still, unchanged, unchangenble; not subject to the ebbing and flowing of the tide of life, as it comes one moment, bearing with it all that is necessary to our earthly happiness - the next, grasping all exultingly, and hurling it from us in the twinkling of an eye. An angel comes and brings us quiet happiness, and breathes into our aching hearts that solace which no carthly friend could give 'Tis well for earth's children to be called to brave the tem-

posts of adversity; 'tis well for the happy to see dark hoursm's bow beneath the chastening rod of affliction, where plenty hope, and joy, friends and sunshine reign. Thus speaks the angel. O how silently, yet how soothingly, the wisdom-leson she breathes into our longing hearts!

How pleasant it is to be loved by the dear departed, to know that they hover near and around our path here; penetrate the darkness which surrounds us, and are ever ready to speak words of condolence and comfort. What a perpetual well-spring of joy it is to the soul."

## Notice of Lectures.

Westerly, R. I.—" Last week, agreeably to the announcement in the Banner, Mrs. J. W. Currier, of Lowell, Mass., delivered three lectures in this village. The following are the subjects on which she spoke:- 'Science and Religion;' 'The Influences of the Church;' and 'The Past and Present.' These discourses were rare productions: each, indeed, was a 'feast of fat things.' Such extensive and stirring elequence as characterized the discourses given by, or through, the organism of Mrs. Currier in this place, are seldom met with, even in our first-class Lyceum lecturers. This is no panegyric-it is only the simple truth, which should not be withheld, because the lady referred to was a factory operative until within the last three or four years, Mrs. Currier gave convincing tests to several in this village. and has been the means of converting some to the 'new dispensation.'

## Remarkable Cure by Dr. Greenwood.

JOSIAH HOBART, BOSTON.-"A celebrated eculist in this city decided that the only remedy for two tumors, one growng on each of my eyes, was to have them removed with the knife. In compliance with his decision and advice, I appointed time for the operation. During the Interval, however, before the appointed time. I was advised by a friend to see Dr. Greenwood; and he immediately assured me that by his healing powers he could disperse the tumous, and save the pain and horrors of a surgical operation. I complied with his suggestions, and, after five or six visits, by the laying on of his hands, the tumors entirely disappeared, and I have but no trouble of the kind since. I feel that it is just and right to give publicity to the facts relating to the extraordinary healing powers of Dr. Greenwood, No. 15 Trement street."

## Healing.

JOHN HOLTON, VERNON, IOWA .- "Your paper, the BANNER or Light, is better adapted to the religious interest of our great western country than any journal that I know of, and I use my influence as much as possible to spread it before the people. Myself and wife have been laboring the past year for the benefit of the sick in the exercise of our healing owers; many obstinate, chronic diseases, have been cured by this now treatment, that have baffled all treatment hereofore offered. Notwithstanding the wonderful cures wrought, which are evidences of an unseen power acting for good, religious sects and the clergy say it is 'the work of the devil.'

## Healing, etc.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, DARIEM, WIS., writes that a remarkable cure has been effected in that place by spirit influence. Mr. J. G. Miner had been severely affected by asthma for seventeen years, and was cured at once by a spiritual prescription, and has continued well for seven months. He also gives an account of a remarkable case of spiritual intelligence, manifested through a daughter only nine years old, giving accurate incidences that occurred many years ago, of which the little medium had no knowledge whatever. And he also relates remarkable impersonations made through an older daughter, and fluent speaking in unknown tongues.

## Excommunication.

C. L. PARKINSON, OSHKOSH, Wis., writes that she has been excommunicated from the First Congregationalist Church in that place "for heresy." She says, "I am now free to do all in my power to help spread God's truth, and I know no more effectual way of doing it than by spreading the Banner of Light before the people."

What call or right have you,
Ye mercenary crew,
Ye mercenary crew,
To lift the pitying veil that shrouds him in his grave?
'I is true the man could sing
Like lark in early Spring,
Or tender nightingale, deep hidden in the bowers,
'I is true that he was wise,
And that his heaven ward eyes
Saw far beyond the clouds that dim this world of ours,
But is it yours, when dead,
To rake his narrow bed,
And peer into his heart for flaws, and spots, and stains?

And peer into his heart for flaws, and spots, and stains?
And all because his voice
Dade multitudes rejoice,
And cheored humanity amid its griefs and pains?

Let him rest! Let him rest!

Let him rest!
The green earth on his breast;
And leave, oh leave, his fame unsulled by your breath!
Each day that passes by
What meaner mortals die—
What thousand rain-drops fail into the sea of Death!
No vender of a tale;
Ilis merchandize for sale,
Pries into evidence to show how mean were they;
No libel touches them;
No curlous fools condemn:
Their human frailties sleep—for God, not man, to weigh.
And shall the Bard alone
Have all his follies known—
Dug from the misty past to spice a needless book—

Dug from the misty past to spice a needless book—
That Envy may exciain,
At mention of his name,
"The greatest are but small, however great they look."

Let them rest, their sorrows o'or, All the mighty bards of yore; And if, yo grubbers up of scandals dead and gone, Yo find amid the slime Some sin of ancient time, some fault, or seeming fault, that Shakspeare might ha

Some spot on Milton's truth, Some spot on Milton's truth,
Or llurns's glowing youth,
Some error not too small for microscopic gaze—
Shroud it in deepest gloom,
As on your father's tomb
You'd hush the evil tongues that spoke in his dispraise i
Shroud it in deepest night,
Or, if compelled to write,
Tell us the inspiring tale of perils evercome,
Of struggles for the good,
"Of course unsublued:

Of courage unsubdued;
But let their frailties rest, and on their faults be dumb I

## IS HENRY JUMPERTZ A MURDERER P

Editors of the Banner of Light: DEAR SIRS-Will you give me your time and attention in chalf of a suffering human being whom I wish to call to your notice? In the month of February last I visited the ail in this city with a friend to see the prisoners generally: but after I went in I felt desirous of seeing the one who had ust had his trial, and was then in the court room. I waited rom ten minutes past two, P. M., until six, and then he came in, immediately after receiving his sentence to be hung the 6th of May next. I was introduced by the turnkey, (a very kind-hearted and gentlemanly person,) to the prisoner. I spoke of feeling sympathy—not curlosity—and a desire to speak with him. He was very calm, and also very polito. I said but a few words and left him, but was particularly pleased with his physiognomy and the general formadon of his head. (I judge one's character by the face, and m ignorant of phrenology.) I felt, after seeing him, that he was innocent of nurder, and that if I could be the means of his life being prolonged, I would most gladly do all in my ower to that effect. After much deliberation and long study thought of Spiritualism, and then of Mr. J. V. Mansfield (I read of in your paper,) and came to the conclusion I would address him, which I did on the 10th of March, and in a few days received an answer-proving I had found one noble, generous man, who would gladly devote his time and alents to do good for his suffering fellow-men.

First, let me tell you, I endeavored to persuade the prisoner o write to a spirit who could save him (I felt so) if they would, or if there was truth in spirits communicating to us mortals, ethough I had no hope,) and at last he consented out with perfect skepticism regarding the result of so doing. enclosed his letter in an envelop and sent it with mine to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, who replied in this manner:—

"Yours came to hand, &c., and after submitting it to spirit intolligence, I learn that the spirit called for could not control mo. My guardian says, 'Go to the person who wrote this and tell him the facts, and then send me a letter in English (the lotter was written in a foreign language,) written to an English spirit—scal, enclose, and send to me, and believe me when I tell you all other business shall be of second consideration with me until I have given the note fair trial.'

Yours, most respectfully,

J. V. Manspirld." This I call most gentlemanly, and Mr. Mansfield volunteered ils services without the least remuneration; I even neg lected to send a postage stamp. I then waited a few days out did not report my information to the prison, and the 20th of March wrote again to Mr. Mansfield, also a letter in English toan English spirit, requesting said spirit to find the spirit the prisoner called for, and learn how and when the spirit interrorated left this sphere, and write me through the medium ship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, and sealed it in an envelop-(which has not yet been opened,) with three thicknesses o aper on each side; sent again to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, and on the 5th of April I received a package from Mr. Mansfield with communication. Earnest endeavors are now being made in this city for a new trial, but that is, not sufficient: I would see the Governor if I had means. Feeling the following must have some weight with the public, I send it to you oping and believing you will assist in the cause of justice. Hoping to do good, I remain yours,

I send you the communication in full:-I send you the communication in full:—
"Dear mortal friend, having witnessed your deep anxiety in behalf of a poot, unfortunate mortal, who stands condemned by a human tribunal for the supposed murder of 'Sophia Werner,' who came to her death by her own hands, by hanging, about one year since, as you measure time, I have at this late moment thought best to give you her story, as she gives it to me, though she is in a very weak and feeble condition, as all are who take their own lives; yet she comes to me in a fruitle manner, and tells me she took her own life; she had long contemplated it, and at laat she found courage to do so. Here she stands, and with uplifted hands cries, 'Henry' niel do mord mir' nein! niel' o' She tells me she had become sick of life, and from the moment she contemplated hanging herself, it seemed that some one stood by her

O Norz.—This sentence troubled me much, for I am no German scholar. I could not find any one to translate it, and could not understand the sense of its being written in a language the split had never spoken in, and the prisoner could not read. Now that I have the translation, and the reason of its not being written correctly, I am better pleased than though it had been right in the communication, for it seems a test to me, (my first one,) that it cannot be called Clairvoyance. Please insert the note. The German, to read correct, would be: "Henry, sollte mein morder sein? nein! (viz., a negative exclamatory repetition, apropos of the public opinion just referred to.) Er sollte mein morder sein! nie!" translated in English, reads, "Henry should be my murderer? Nover! He to be my murderer? Oh, no! never!

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—"Henry? nie! do mord mir? nein!

niol" translated in English, reads, "Henry should be my murderer? Nover! He to be my murderer? Oh, no! never! Taanslaton's Note.—"Henry? niel de mord mir? nein! niel Remark A: The first hemistich contains the whole of it. It is the public opinion of Jumpertz being the murderer, most energetically rejected, as being false. This exclamatory solloquy becomes explicit in the second homistich, where the public opinion is expressed in words in the form of an interrogation, which is to be negatively answered. The negative answer is here given in a double form; the first expresses a simple negation, whilst the second expresses a negation of the mere idea of such a supposition. The whole is given in a most emphatic style. B: "be mord mir" is equal to "den mord an mir begangen habe." The finale n of the accusative form of the article "der" is very often mute, or omitted in vicious pronunciation of common German people. The verb begehen, in past participle, may be understood in such interrogatory a phrase of high emphasis. The only defect in this phrase, not justified by grammar, is the omission of the proposition "an," an omission which is to be put on account of the English interpreter of the German spirit's emphatically pronounced, sounds sometimes like "ar! ah!" which the English spirit did not catch.

This gentleman, Mr. C., is highly educated—a Pronchman resolve marky overy language, and was the only one out of

New Trance Speaker,

S. E., Pawtucker.—"Through a recently developed speaking medium, (Mr. C. G. Irish.) we have ever heard. He best discourses in this place we have ever heard. He is taying with us for the present, and is doing a great deal of good. The people here are beginning to manifest much interest in the subject of Spiritualism."

Notice.

Ashry Clark, Eldinder, N. Y.—We cannot call to mind the receipt of the communications of which you speak. We are inclined to think they never reached us; if they did, they must have been mislaid. You have our cordial thanks for your generous efforts in our behalf.

AT THE GRAVE OF ROBERT BURNS.

An Address to his Biographers.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Let him rest! Let him rest! With the sod upon his breast—
What call or right have you, Ye mercenary erew, What call or right have you. Ye mercenary erew, To lift the pitying yell that shrouds him in his grave?

The daisles grow above him, and the long sedgegrasses wave; What call or right have you. Ye mercenary erew, To lift the pitying yell that shrouds him in his grave?

The true the man could sing Like lark in early Spring, Or toned raightingaid, deep hidden in the bowers.

am to know you are innocent of that charged upon you I flow happy you should be that you feel a clear conscience in the matter! All that human aid can do to save you from that ignominious death which so shortly awaits you, will be done; all that your spirit-friends can do will be done, though I must say I fear help will come too late to save you. But keep up your heart; try and make peace with I lim whose we all are; forgive all who may have ignorantly or willfully wronged you; fear not the execution of the body; if you feel at peace with God and man, then all is and will be well. M G. L G. L G. Spirit-Land."

#### ALGEZELI.

Messes. Editors - An apparently very candid and affectionate nature, over the above title as a signature, has published in the Banner of Light of April 9th, some thoughts which are truly worthy of consideration, — "Hashish," Dr. Child, Bro. Mandell, etc., the subjects. So far as "Bro. Mandell" is concerned, he always takes delight in responding to such a nature; and begs leave to say to "Algezeli," that he does not expect always, for the time being, to satisfy the "understanding" of such natures, for, in certain conditions, they are quite as apt to be governed by feeling as by "understanding;" and as to "inspiration," etc., the said Mandell may have more of that about him than many people are apt to suppose, although he writes, speaks and philosophizes with eyes wide open, instead of closed.

Algezeli seems to think it "safest in the present

state of society to hold to the well-beaten track that wrong is wrong, and must be thoroughly looked after." Why, Alge'! when will it ever be proper for you to "hold" that "wrong" is not wrong, or to assert that wrong is right? Will it not always be true as well as safe to say that "wrong is wrong"? It certainly will be exceedingly unsafe, in any state of society, to hold and act out the idea

that wrong is not wrong.

Our new critic also claims that "Spiritualists as a body are exploring the swamps and meadows of life, etc., in a most thorough manner." No question of that, Algezeli; and a good many are getting pretty well mired, chiefly through following the ignis fatuus of the swamps. The idea that there is no wrong, no evil, seems to be a special "will-o'-the-wisp" to mislead some into the darkest and deepest bogholes; as J. M. Spear says, "each man and each woman has a perfect right, under all circumstances, in all conditions, and in whatever location, to do as he or she pleases;" and then, proceeding to carry it out, (a proceeding which the advocates of such philosophy don't always choose to follow in-full detail,) they do indeed "explore" the "swamps" as well as the "meadows," at "Kiantone" and elsewhere, in a manner more thorough than wise or excellent.

But Algezeli claims that "the elements are all right for that work. I think, however, that the "elements" are never "all right" in the "swamps," for Humanity, however much they may prove to be so for reptiles. It is also rather my opinion, that any truly wise man, in exploring a swamp (or a meadow either, as to that,) would have some regard to the good spots, in preference to the bad spots, in which to tread. I think such a truly wise person. would be quite prone to look closely for the right course, and the best places in which to plant his feet, using his eyes equally to observe and avoid the spots which are deep and dangerous. Even if one so truly wise should be under the necessity of going through the places that are deep, dangerous and noxious, I imagine that he would adopt all necessary safeguards, - would probably here and there make arrangements to cross over dry shod, instead of plunging in. Nor do I for a moment suppose that any such veritably wise man would go about vaunting that the miry path, (transgression) knee deep or neck deep, is better than the upland, airy, wellgraded track, (virtue) where the sun is bright, the air pure, and the singing birds at least as musical as the croaking frogs. And, although Algezeli pre-tends that "the work" (that is, of exploring the swamps, etc.,) "will prove such as none have dreamed," I beg leave to say that I have "dreamed" on the subject for quite a number of years; and my dream, in part, has been that the "swamps" will not be thought quite so desirable a place for the well being of humanity as some are now apparently inclined to think; and hence I have additionally "dreamed" that the "swamps" are to be filled and made solid, verdant and wholesome, - that the "meadows" will be drained, cultivated, and made every way more beautiful, and better adapted to the comfort and occupancy of humanity, - that the · waste places shall be glad, and the desert blossom as the rose," besides many other things, which are even now coming to pass, although they were "dreamed" of long before what you call "Spiritualism" began to take hold of society.

If Algezeli means that Spiritualism is the "bril-

liant star," which "is surely guiding correct'y," then I beg leave to suggest that Spiritualism em-braces quite a variety of light and shade, — many hazy lights, including that "swamp" will-o'thewisp to which I have just proviously referred, the special business of which is to dance about in the dark and boggy places, and mislead the steps into the deep soundings and slimy pits of the quaking, stagnant marsh. The "Church" itself, with all its conflicting opinions and absurdities, might as well be taken for the "guiding star" of Humanity, as to so denominate Spiritualism, with its froth and follies, in connection with its essential truth and beauty. I shall have occasion, ere long, to show the public wherein those (spirits and others) whom Spiritualists have been prone to consider their brightest lights, have erred egregiously in fact, as

bey have in philosophy.

There is but one "brilliant star" which is capa ble of "surely guiding correctly," - a star to which the Church, as well as Spiritualists and others, should look with a closer attention than that to which they have been accustomed; and that star is, the Christ principle! Yet, alas, how many lurid, luring gleams are put for this star. Even Algezeli can quote with approbation the common-place idea that " hell is constantly warring with hell," but has no expression of favor for that sublime truth, that neaven is continually conquering hell. Neither has the same writer any recognition of other important elements to which I have referred in my previous communications, - the power and authority, for instance, as well as the gentleness, which are invested in Christ. Algezell even goes so far as to say that the "real sentiment" of the Sermon on the Mount would overthrow and tear down every institution of man on earth, and make all free from earthly domination, the saint and sinner alike;" when in fact that sermon, at the very outset, endows the vital disciples of Christ with the charge and control of human affairs — declares emphatically that they shall inherit the earth, - assures them of a king-Most respectfully yours,
EL. D. L.

B. Cerlinski.

Frenchman

"the Kingdom of Heaven," let it never be forgotten that it operates, and ever must operate, through the true and faithful here below.

The great difficulty with Algezeli, and most others of that same class, is essentially this: they think dom which, as it is elsewhere expressed, "shall not be moved;" and although that kingdom is called

charity consists in being favorable to the sinfulness of the man, as well as to the man himself. Thus, while I heartily respond to the suggestion of Algezell, that we must "love the sinner," I cannot assent to another proposition, which immediately follows, to the effect that sin is "one of the grand operations of the law of love, to melt down the soul, to mold it into form, and fit it to receive the Christian grace, Charity." Here is what I conceive to be the grand mistake. It is not sin that melts down the soul; it is the consequences, the judgments that are sent upon it or associated with it. it is a sense of the evils attendant upon it, which melts the soul. It is the light and grace of God, whether in his Church or his chastisements, which subdues the stubborn spirits. A Pharaoh never gives up his hardness of heart till he is shaken as with nighty whirlwinds of power; and never a man, woman or child, yields one iota of his or her ill conduct, till he or she sees, or, not seeing, is made to feel that it is neither advantageous, proper, right nor just, to pursue a line of action so obnoxious and impure. To make this seen or felt, requires, in many cases, an imperativeness that will not be gainsayed, and that never can be stayed nor conquered. And I have showed you ere this, Algezeli, how gentleness, or weakness itself, rises, on occasions, into this intense imperativeness, as in the example of the Saviour. I have, also, in a previous article, shown you, from the same blessed example, how even the most serene humility may ascend to the most complete self-consciousness, and to even the assertion of superiority, where necessity calls for it. The absolute importance of this, (and some other points,) I do not intend to illustrate just now any further than by this reference to the example of Christ, to which respectfully ask more attention than some parties seem inclined to give it.

What I want, then, Algezeli, is, that neither you nor any one clse should attach the merit to sin. Because the "publicans and sinners" are, as you say, found in the "bar-room, gambling house, and brothel," it is no reason that you, or Dr. Childs, or any body else, should adopt the logic of the har-room, etc., or even a worse logic than that of wickedness itself, and assert that transgression is better than virtue, and that there is actually "no wrong, no evil." If, as you hint, "truth is snugly nestled within seeming error," do not, in consequence of that, call falsehood truth, nor vice virtue. If you perceive that a "Dentist" brother, or any other, has " faith in God," do not, therefore, consider that it is necessary for either him or anybody else to declare that villany is righteousness; neither let it claim that wrong is right; because, forsooth, the Divine Providence will overrule the wrong in favor of the right. When you quote the Saviour, showing that he did not "condemn" the woman, do not forget that he did speak distinctly and positively of the "sin" (as I have showed you in a former com-munication.) Do not think, even, that the drunk-ard is necessarily a better man than those who lownrightly condemn him, although the "Hashish" philosopher may tell you so, — not even because a pleasant faced friend may tell you so, — for I have lemonstrated the falsity of that in a preceding article; nor has an objector yet been found to guinsay the facts; and you yourself ought to know that a hardened, cruel slave-holder, or a vindictive mur-derer, may be a drunkard, and therefore quite as incharitable as the man who condemns the drunkard. So when you say, "resist not evil," never lose sight of the truth, that minds like yours are apt to overlook, viz., to overcome evil with good. And bear in mind, that the "good" must be clearly seen to be distinct from the "ovil," in order that it may overcome the evil

Finally, in a splendid outburst of sentimental po etry, let me say:—

O, my Algezel, It is strange to tell; But you'll not do well When you don't do well.

With many regards, Alge', I bid you a most affecionate adieu. D. J. MANDELL Athol, Depot Mass.

## EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

DEAR BANNER-By previous arrangement I am now sojourning for three days to deliver five lectures in this "Pocket city" of the Pocket of Indiana. It is rather a rude and dirty city compared to those of the east and north, but it is No. 2. in population in the State, and probably No 1 in trade and commerce. It as an active and independent, but careless and indifferent population of about 15,000, with an extensive Ohio river trade. It is located in a pocket of the river, as well as State, on a short north bend; Henderson, a small town twelve miles below on the river. is directly up the river by compass from this city, and five miles of ditch might cut off the neck and leave a point of Kentucky in Indiana, and Evans-ville an inland city, but I suppose the laws of the States will not allow the river to do it, and if she should attempt she would probably be barred by injunction of rocks and trees.

The Banner rides out here every week, and they will soon want more. Our friend and brother, Dr. Hallock, (a connection of Dr. Hallock, of New York,) put a copy of the Banner on file in the reading room of the city library, but some saphead, who had more zeal than knowledge, and more religion than sense, but who had by some means crept into a place bove his abilities, took pains to remove it; the Dr. has not yet had time to get it restored by order of the board of directors. It is curious to see how the gnorant and superstitious dread and fear light, and,

of course, the BANNER of LIGHT. I lectured two evenings this week in the city hall of Vincennes, Ind., the oldest city and settlement of the State, but with only about 5000 inhabitants, nearly half of them of French origin and Catholic religion. I found no Spiritual papers there, except one copy of the Clarion, which strayed into the family of Judge Bishop, by whose kindness I was invited to stop and lecture. I did so, and only a few could be induced to come and hear, and most of them lid not know what I was talking about. They had heard about some girls in Rochester, N. Y., who mapped their toe joints, and called it spirits rapping. But they will find the live Yankees after their city soon, as it is a beautiful location, and very favorably situated for business and enterprise, yet almost without either. Its climate, soil and commercial advantages will be discovered soon, and bring it into notice and life-then Spritualism will have a chance, as it has in Terra Haute and Evansville. This city s very different; I am told that as good a collection, both in numbers and quality, can be found on the Levee on any fair Sabbath, as in any one church of the city. Sectarian religion is hardly at par here, and revivals pass at great discount. Spiritualism has about an even yoke with the best of them, and will certainly have the advantage in the "long pull, strong pull, and pull altogether." Our brother F. L. Wadsworth did a good work here about one year ago, and they would like to see him again, and I hope next time he passes through this section of Indiana. he will not forget or neglect to stop at Vincennes and help us try to save that city, or at least lift off its mantle of ignorance.

My visit to St Louis was very interesting to me,

and I trust useful to the cause. The Harmonial Philosophy is in a very flourishing condition there, far outstripping in fact and influence the religious revivals. It is also the best location for enterprising business men with capital to use that I have visited n the West, and it is also the best place for young nen whose character and habits are good and so firm as not to be corrupted by bad company. Young men who can live right, and begin low and grow up into business and confidence, will find it a good opening for them; but those of loose habits and dissolute lives will be hastened to the grave-yard by going thereor at least their bodies will, and spirits to a home where it will be as hard to reform as here.

To morrow I close here, and Monday go to Terra Haute to leave two more lectures on my way to Cincinnati: and then to Greencastle, another new place, out where they have college light—if that can be WARREN CHARE,

called light. April 2, 1859.

#### CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

continued from the fifth pattern marble and the carbonate of line made by the Westchester farmer. Still, two per cent. there kills vegetation, and slavy per cent. in England lava all been in organic life before, and have progressed before they reached their present condition; that they are coralline or fossiliferous in their origin; that the lines has been yielded up by the decay of plants during all time, and passing in streams to the ocean, have been in organic life perhaps a million times before they reached the ocean, there going to form the bones and the shells of fishes millions of times before the coral insect get hold of them to build up its habitation; and that some upheaval of nature has formed portions of England; and these upheavals, coming in contact with the atmosphere, have become part of the soil. What is not of that origin is fosiliferous.

The bone of the mastedon ground to powder will produce effects that the phosphate rocks cannot produce, but no such effects as the bone of the ox or of man.

Now, it is claimed by chemists that the particles in some of these cases cannot be made so fine as in the other cases. But let us see. We can dissolve the chalk of England in dilute muriatic acid. We can in like manner dissolve the carbonate of lime of Westchester, or the piece of Parian marble in dilute muriatic acid, and we can dilute this with water, and addit to different sections of the soil. Now, I say, after trying it and knowing it to be true, that the chalk so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that the marble so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that the marble so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that the marble so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that the marble so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that the marble so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that the marble so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that the marble so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that the marble so treated will not cause plants to grow; and that

Not so with the chalks that have been in organic life before. Now this is true practically.

Now let us place these three kinds of carbonate of lime in solution, and add to the jars containing them sulpphurie acid.

Now let us place these three kinds of carbonate of lime in solution, and add to the jars containing them sulpphurie acid.

Take this to the chemist, and can be discover any difference?

No, they

soluble compound, which will go to the bottom. Take this to the chemist, and can be discover any difference? No, they are all allke; they are isomeric compounds; and he supposes that they would act allke in the soil. It is not true, That from the marble will give you a heavy sulphate of lime; that from the balk a light sulphate of lime. The one will have activity as food for plants; the other will not.

This I believe to be equally true with every article in the materia medica, every single medicine of mineral origin. I believe that one grain of Iron separated from the blood of man will act as a tonic to a greater extent than one pound taken from the Iron ores of our country. The Iron that has found its way to the blood of man has probably traveled up strough overy stage of creation, from the lowest plant to the highest animal; and it is in that stage or condition which neither the chemist by analysis, nor the microscope by its power, can discover its differences from the previous condition; but still it is in that condition that it can be most readily assimilated. It would be impossible to go over the whole of the sixty-four primaries for further illustration; but we know of ranny more which might be adduced in proof of our proposition.

If you heat the bone of an animal red hot, you get rid of the gelatin, the cleagrouse matter, and the water it contains, and you have left pure phosphate of lime. Now, we have large deposits of phosphatic rocks, (chier-apatite) as it is called, that is analytically the same. For instance, at Hurdstown, near Dover, New Jersey, there is a deposit of chier-apatite, containing alterly-light per cent. of phosphate of lime. So pure is it that you may see appended to the pamphiet concerning it certificates published by the owners of that mine, from Dr. Jackson, of Boston, and forty other chemists, that it is as pure as the calcined bones of an animal, and therefore of very great value. Those gentlemen solicited me to take held with them in that mine, thinking that this would be an admirable fertilizer. I had then commenced the examination of which I have been speaking; and I told them it was of no value; that no quantity, from one pound to one ton, would fertilize an acro of land at all; that they were mistaken in their position. "Why," said they, "look at the certificates of these chemists. But we will send it to England and Introduce it there. The English farmers will be glad to use it as a fertilizer."

I said, "they may know no better, and will doubtless buy it. f you heat the bone of an animal red hot, you get rid of

It to Eugland and Introduce it there. The English farmers will be glad to use it as a fertilizer."

I said, "they may know no better, and will doubtless buy it. I think it will be endorsed by every chemist who has studied chemistry in his laboratory, and not in the field, as practical agriculturists; but let me advise yon to ship all you ever intend to the first year; for, when the farmers have had a couple of years experiment with it, they will know something about it, and you will find it wont sell." They sent many cargoes. It was sold at £7 per ton, and was endorsed by the first chemists of England. But you may now find it used from the Liverpool docks as ballast. It cannot now be sold for seven shillings a ton in any port in Europe. Now what is the difference? Heat that red-hot, and heat a bone rod-hot, and grind them both to powder, and what chemist, by analysis, can discover the slightest difference in the composition? They are identical. But will that from the rock feed plants? No. Will the other? Yes. Place them in front of a cowmon one in parts of the country where this phosphate is missing from the soil—and the instinct of the cow is superior to analysis. She will not touch the pulverized rock, but she to analysis. She will not touch the pulverized rock, but she will take up with the other with as much avidity as with sult; and the effect of it is to add phosphate of limo, so as to furnish

will take up with the other with as much avidity as with sult; and the effect of it is to add phosphate of lime, so as to furnish the bone-making principle, and the disease called the bone disease disappears. When cows have it, you will see them gnawing a bone, oven to the disturbance of their teeth, to get at the phosphate of lime.

The French academy very lately have issued a paper on this subject, acknowledging for the first time, that any publication ever has, that there is a difference between the phosphates from the lower classes—the lower walks of nature—and those from the higher organisms; and they suppose it must be due to the perceity of the particles, and to the mechanical configuration. But they forget this fact, that the fertilizer-makers of England dissolve that rock, as they do the bone, with sulphuric acid, forming a soluble phosphate of lime. The soluble phosphate of lime from one source, will affect plants, and farmers have found it out, and therefore use it; but the soluble phosphate of lime from the other source will not affect plants. I should like to know whether the phosphate of lime, actually in solution in water, has difference of configuration of patticles, such as they assert defies the roots of plants to reach. The real truth is, that no plant feeds on anything in the soil, until it is in solution in water. It cannot mechanically bite it; but at the point where the root ouches the thing on which it feeds, the moleture is more-tactive, and the chemical conditions more perfect for rendering that thing soluble, and when in solution it enters the plant, and not till then. Now, in this case, they are equally in solution. Still, one has the effect, and the other does not. Go to Vermont, New Hampshire, and other places, where the soil is the debris of the grantice rock, repiete with feldspar, and what does the farmer use to grow plants, if he can get it? Ho uses wood ashes. Why? because there is no potash in his soil? No. There is more potash in ten bushels of his

the soil is the debris of the grantic rock, replete with feldspar, and that feldspar containing seventeer: per cent. of potash, and what does the farmer use to grow plants, if he can get it? He uses wood ashes. Why? because there is no potash in his soil? No. There is more potash in ten bushels of his soil, than in one bushel of wood ashes; but it is not progressed potash; it has never been in organic life before; and hence he finds the wood ashes the best fertilizer he can use to enable him to grow crops on top of a whole world, as it were, of the very material he is adding, according to the views of some. Go to Hundstown, N. J., and there you will find a baid phosphatic rock projecting from the soil in places, and between these protuberances made of phosphatic rock, what acts best? Why, the bone of an animal, heated red-hot, and treated with sulphuric acid to render it soluble, right on top of a magazine or store-house of the original phosphate of lime—for the phosphate contained in the bones of every animal on earth originally came from the phosphate or lime—for the phosphate contained in the bones of every animal on earth originally came from the phosphate to rock, and found its way through organic life up to man.

But I am inclined to think that you will not be able to provide bones for men, by going to the rock to get the supply. It has got to pass through all these stages; and what I now claim is, that at each stage it assumes functions it did not possess it an earlier stage; and that this sulject requires rigorous examination; that he word "Isomerism" is a selentile sponge, which whose out a want of accurate knowledge, and shuts out inquiry; that instead of saying that the finger of the Venus de Medicis and a piece of chalk are the same—that they are Isomeric compounds, and there letting the student rest, we should inquire what isomerism means—what sare the condition, can be not a fine of the condition, and where it dillers in condition, to trace it? How has the geologist got at his knowledge? Did the f sixty volumes of animoniacal gases.

The oxygen passing off from the surfaces of all plants of

The oxygen passing off from the surfaces of all plants of organic life, is taken up by water in the form of dews and vapor, and carried back to the soil for reappropriation again in organic life, without any change to the water. Water in the soil dissolves all those materials which go to create plant life, that is, progressed so as to be soluble; carries them into plants, depositing them there, to increase the size of the plant; and is itself given off at the surface of the leaves in the form of vapor, going out on the face of nature, performing the office of nature's errand-boy, to collect the results of decay, and redepositing again in the soil. Could oxygen or hydrogen do this? Is that a function added from the outside to water by the will of any great power? or is it that great to water by the will of any great power? or is it that great power, in some form resident as logos to these two ingre-dients; and is in each; the combination developing this very dients; and is in each; the combination developing this very much larger amount of usefulness and power. Why, trace the whole sixty-four primaries, as they come up through organic life, until they reach man as an epitame of the whole of them; and if the intelligence, or logos, or law, or resident peculiarity of each, has multiplied its functions by combination, consider what the combination and permutation of sixty-four numbers will produce, and you see an amount of intelligence that would seem a million times greater than any intelligence man can possess, and all this without the pumping of any special peculiarity into a created organism. It is a consequence of developed nature solely.

consequence of developed nature solely.

Now if this is true, it is perhaps fair to examine it. I do

Nothing is more common than from the analysis of some particular deposit, for farmers to carry it for miles and miles, to spread it upon their land, because it contains this or that ingredient that they know that plants require, without stopping to inquire its condition, or whether the plants they wish to raise can appropriate it or not. I wish I had here a dozen pamphlets that I have read about this phosphate rock. In them you may find many statements that are true: as that the wheat crop of the State of New York thirty years ago, was thirty bushels to the acre, and now but eleven; that the wheat crop of Ohlo, thirty-five years ago, was thirty-five bushels to the acre, and now but eleven; that the wheat crop of Ohlo, thirty-five years ago, was thirty-five bushels to the nere, and it is now eleven and a half. Why? Because the pamphlet says truly: every ox that has been different to the seaboard, has carried away from eighty to one hundred pounds of phosphate of lime in his bones; every bushel of wheat has sent off a certain quantity; and so, also, every gallon of milk has taken away a certain quantity of phosphate lime. These being sent to the senboard, what is the consequence? The raw material of wheat has gone from the soil. Take this rock, says the pamphlet, pulverize it to powder, send it there, and shake it into the soil, and you will restore the phosphate of lime. But you may as well carry the soil. Take this rock, says the pamphlet, pelverize it to powder, send it there, and shake it into the soil, and you will restore the phosphate of lline. But you may as well carry Chinese coin into our country-you cannot use it. Wheat cannot use that phosphate of lime. But if you take the bones of an animal, and carry then back there, and get them into the soil, and in such a condition as the plant can use, you can restore the land so that it will produce again thirty-five bushels to the acre. This is being done every day by a few knowing farmers, so that the missing ingredients are being restored. In some districts, potash is the missing ingredient; in others, lime; in others, chlorine and soda. Can you take these from lower sources? I say you cannot, practically, and cause plants to imbibe them; but you must look to higher sources.

In China, where they understand agriculture as much better than we do, as we suppose we understand some things better than they do, a man who shaves his head and throws away his lather, is subject to imprisonment for it as for a orime. There is nothing there of an organic kind wasted. They properly understand that it is necessary never to let anything pass to the ocean that is a necessary never to let anything pass to the ocean that is of an organic origin, that can again be assimilated by the higher class of plants. And what is the consequence—that they know more of horticulature than all the rest of the world besides. On the table of the grandees of China, you may find all varieties of fruits that we have proved and the suppose the best proved them then they have more of the practices of childs you may find all varieties of fruits that we hear growe our dwarf trees: some cubicary them.

damot une that ploaphatto of lime. But if you take the the cannot me that ploaphatto of lime. But if you take the plant can use the plant can be plant to plan have stood alongside of the druggist's counter, and seen the smile in the corner of his eye when the customer went out, and I have said, "What is that?" "Why, Dr. Se-and-So has ordered an incompatible compound." He had ordered two things which would precisely render each other inert. Not but that when that prescription was first formed it was judicious enough; but the manufacture of the two things has changed. They are from different sources, and not in condition to be used with propriety.

Bill there is not one word on this subject of which we have been talking in any work on planmacy on earth, until with.

Still there is not one word on this subject of which we have been talking, in any work on pharmacy on earth, until within the last few days, in print, other than the few miserable attempts that I have made to lay it before the public. Within that tink, in the London Magazine, we find a translation from a portion of a work said now to be emanating from Bosnigault, and one or two others of the French Academy in Paris, on this subject; and only on that part of the subject, that admits there are differences in the action of the same materials, and asking why, and giving as a supposed solution that I is due to the configuration of the particlesgreater porosity in one case than in the other. I speak of it more particularly at this time, ladies and gentlemen, from that I have succeeded in arousing in our agricultur-

all matter. We do not know where one begins and the other his is true, it is perhaps fair to examine it. I do not mean to say it is true, but simply to call up the inquiry. If we perceive that this progression is the consequent law belonging to matter in each state of its progress wyls it we cannot suppose that this difference in different states of progression, is due to the condition of this logos? If we want to separate it from the material itself, it is very casy so to uppose, and very fair to examine it under that phase. It is

but it is necessary that we should claim it precisely frun at all, but it is necessary that we should claim it precisely frun at all, but it is necessary that we should claim it is precisely frun at all, but it is necessary that we should claim it is precisely from the control of the contro attendant, through whatever vicisatiude, upon a course of fervent and consistent piety.

Daniel's example, like Joseph's, is admirable, from the very outset, for every young man in circumstances of trial, and in his introduction to the affairs of public life; and likewise for men or much business and care, whether young men or more advanced in age, it shows what a heart fixed on God can and will accomplish, no matter what may be the temptations or the obstacles in the way. The one feature, however, to which I wish now to call your attention, as showing the secret of Daniel's character, the secret of the man's eminence and power, is the habit of his life in prayer. For this purpose we take this particular instance in the text, rather than the more common one of that boldness and faith which carried him into the den of lions, and shall illustrate this, by that, And we shall show something of God's method in hearing and answering prayer, as well as something of Daniel's constancy, importunity, and power, in offering it. The text is a revelation of the goings on in heaven, and of God's providence on earth, as remarkable as it is of Daniel's power with God, and the way in which he acquired it.

Then said the angel, Fear not, Daniel, for from the first day that thou fildst set thy heart to understand, and to chaston thyself before God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words. This is a wonderful passage. Methinks, as we gaze upon it, it is as if we heard the voice of the Lord of life and glory, saying unto us, "Behold, I have set before the an open door, and no man can shut it." It is a door that no man can prevent us not only from looking through, but from entering, each for himself. We see through it what is going on in heaven; we see God listening to the words that are uttered upon carth, noting with an approbation that is known to eclestial intelligences, the thoughts and purposes, the inquiries, the plans, the feelings, working in a poor human heart in its prostrulion before God.

To this man will I lo

You know, in the second place, that the object of his fasting was to be better prepared for praying—there is not a creature that can have a greater object—to have the spirit purified
and lightened, to have the heart mortified, and weaned, and
separated from earth, and self, and the pleasures and enjoyments of the body, and to have the purpose and desire set
with more intense and unwavering entireness upon spiritual
things, and especially upon the great issue which now, with
the heart of a lover of his people and his God, he had taken
carnestly in hand. I say the fasting was for the praying;
there is no good in fasting of itself. The fasting was for the
praying; for although nothing is said, no record made in reearnestly in hand. I say the fasting was for the praying; there is no good in fasting of itself. The fasting was for the praying; for although nothing is said, no record made in regard to the prayer in this case, as was in the other, yet the declaration of the angel makes it perfectly plain: "From the first day that thou didst set thy heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God "—mark you, not before men. According to the command of our blessed Lord himself, thou, when thou fastest, enter into thy closet. Fast not before men, but do it chastening thyself before God, that thou appear not to men to fast, but unto thy Rather which is in heaven—"from the first day that thou didst set thy heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words "—just on that account—just because of them.

from a portion of a work said now to be enhanting from positions and one or two others of the grain Academys in the said one of the same hardward and and saking why, and giving as a supposed solution that it is due to the configuration of the particle—greater poresity in one case than in the other. I speak of it more particularly at this time, laddes and gentlemen, from the fact that I have succeeded in a rousing in our agriculture, into a determination to test the truth of the progression of the particularly at this time, laddes and gentlemen, from the fact that I have succeeded in a rousing in our agriculture, into a determination to test the truth of the progression of the particularly at the same of the same of the same with god a nawwer to file prayer into fact that I have succeeded for nouse, it to be delighted with the results he has arrived at—and to find that he can render his vecation more profitable.

When this failing too. The moment we can understand the condition, we will be able to know why it is possible that they wondeflore, alondo, lynegar, and a great many other things which the chemist tells us have the same components, only differing in a rangement, etc. That is all practical, only we don't know quite enough about it. It is not sofe-grainant to the progression of the same prayers, and a first than the present; and the same interpretation of the same take our multiplication tables and prayers, and a first than the present; and the same interpretation of the same take of mean—though it is the present; and the same interpretation that there is anything in the world which has retrograded, not even in the size of men—though it is two consequences and the same access of the same the same

witely never Husby, traper the first day, as at the sorbed three weeks; and so in real day, as at the sorbed three weeks; and so in real trapers and the sorbest and the sorbe

him declaring that the king's business demanded him, but he answered that the business of the King of heaven detained him.

So now these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God. Methinks you can see them now at his open door—sneaking, cringing, malignant spies—opening the door first very carefully and secretly, and peeping in, and then raising the curtain on entering, and standing, and gazing, and listening, while this holy man, uninterrupted, makes his supplications, just as afortime before his God. Yes, you can see them at his open door, gazing upon him, and glaring at one another with malignant exultation, "Now we have him; now we have him!" Not a movement does he make for their approach. He expected them. He knew perfectly well what those men would do. Not a movement does he make for their approach, but kneels in sacred, undisturbed composure, and continues the outpouring of his heart; and they stand and listen. They hear him call upon his God. They wait, and gaze, and hearken, that they may seal his perdition by their testimony. They hear the holy majesty of his petitions: "Thou, O God, art King of kings, and Lord of lords. Thou art the Most High God, who rulest in the kingdoms of men; and the gods of sliver and gold, the work of mon's hands, are vanity. O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, who dwellest between the cherubim, thou hast made heaven and earth. Incline thine car, O Lord, and hear; open thine eyes, O Lord, and see; and hear all the words of the heather, wherewith they have represented. and hear; open thine eyes, O Lord, and see; and hear all the words of the heathen, wherewith they have repreached the living God. Beliold, O God, their threatenings, and save us from their hands, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord, even thou only."

So he prayed and gave thanks before his God as he did

so he prayed and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime, kneeling upon his knees three times a day, with thoughts and feelings expressed in words, of which, on a special occasion, the prayer recorded in the ninth chapter of his prophecy is an example. It was by such daily, holy, uninterrupted habits of communion with God, that Daulei attained such was the way to never the result of the communion with God, that Daulei attained such was the way to never the result of the communion with God, that Daulei attained such was the way to never the result of the communion with God, that Daulei attained such was the way to never the way to never the result of the communion with God, that Daulei attained such was the way to never t

torrupted habits of communion with God, that Duniel attained such wondrous 'power in prayer, so that angels were commissioned at his speaking, and touched him in the midst of his supplications, saying, "We have come for thy words," And here, once more, in particular application of our subject, we come to a great encouragement from it for us all, in this sacred work of prayer, which ought to be the great work of our life, but which with most men is last and least attended to. "From the first day," it is said, "thy words were heard;" and so it always is. Daniel was not an exception, but simply an instance of the universal rule. There are no exceptions. So it always is; the voice of prayer on earth is heard in heaven wherever a contrite heart is breathing its exceptions. So it always is; the voice of prayer on earth is heard in heaven wherever a contrite heart is breathing its desires before God. Yet the answer, though determined, is not always known at once? Perhaps it is on the way, but detained by the all-wise providence of God, while the heart is renewing its importunity for weeks, may, sometimes, perhaps, for months and years. In the case before us, the angel distinctly informed Daniel how and why it was that the answer to his prayer was so long in coming. Just think of it; he felt in necessary to enter into an explanation of this thing. And this affable, angelic communication opens a singularly interesting chapter in regard to the providence of God by the instrumentality of angels in the affairs of men; for they are just as much at work now as they were when Daniel was on the earth. They are not visible as they were then, but they are just as innumerable and just as ceaseless in their activity wherever there is a contrite praying heart. Now, in the second place, we should lay these lessons to heart for our instruction in regard to our own business and duty. Let every man of business and care in this world remember that it was in the midst of business and care, immense, overwhelming, uninterrupted, that Daniel maintained these habits of intercourse with God, and this strict adherence to the law of God, even to the letter. No prime minister of England that over made the pressing affairs of State and except for violating the sacredness of God's Sablath, ever ard in heaven wherever a contrite heart is breathing its

ter of England that over made the pressing affairs of State an excuse for violating the sacredness of God's Sabbath, ever an excuse for violating the sacredness of God's Sabbath, ever perhaps had half the weight of responsibility and fatigue to bear that rested upon Daniel. And no man in public life over had greater temptation, or more-plausible opportunity to conceal the principles; not to deny them—the possibility of that was not hinted at—but simply to conceal them; simply to avoid them, that is all; simply, moreover, to conceal them for a time, say for forty days, till the hurricane of opposition should have blown over. Just use a little expediency, Only for forty days, just say nothing. For forty days keep quiet. And, doubtless, if it had not been for his habits in prayer, he would have yielded, and concealed plis allegiance to his God. But it such a case concealment would have to his God. But in such a case concealment would have been absolute and open treachery—you can make nothing clase of it; for a man is called upon to render openly unto God the things that are God's, when Casar dares demand them for himself. If an injustice passes into law, and is the command of men, then every creature in allegiance to God is supremely and especially bound to come out in open opposition to such injustiv—opposition with the fearless declaration of the truth, and the use of every proper means which God has placed within the trach of his servants.

In such a case concealment yields on the whole cause. his God. But in such a case concealment would have

tion of the truth, and the use of every proper means which God has placed within the ruch of his servants.

In such a case concealment yields up the whole cause. Silence gives consent. No man can doubt that. And let us all remember that it is God's eye which is upon us, and that it is God's scrutiny and Judgment which are passing in this thing, not man's. And let every young man remember, and every person just setting out in the Christian race, that the habit of communion with God, and reliance on him which bore Daniel, triumphantly and without trembling, through all these enemics, and difficulties, and temptations, was begun at the very outset of his Christian and his public life. From the beginning he nailed his fing to the mast, and every Pagan saw it floating to the breeze, and knew what it carried—allegiance to God above Crear; and in a court of unmitigated despotism there was witnessed the proclamation of a law jabove the king's law, and an obligation above that to the government, and the example of a man who would meet death scener than yield one jot or tittle of the law of his God, or the claim of an enlightened conscience in regard to it, before the law of the land or the edict of its rulers. What a glorious example of firm and faithful piety to God! Oh, if all Christians, in public and private stations, and also in more private circles of responsibility and care, would be faithful in like manner, putting God's word, God's will, and their duty to God, foremost, and making everything bend to them, how

On this plane No finite creature fear. Seek carnestly and you'll obtain The Amazanthine sphere. A new idea No child should fear-No child should fear—
Turn overy leaf you find.
Improve old spells,
Noily Wells,
Oh, Nelly guide the blind.
Practice what you know is right.
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